

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

NEWFOUNDLAND, though it can be reached in less than half a week from Toronto, and by its situation on the map is naturally a portion of Canada, is but little known either here or elsewhere except as a disturber of the peace. Though it is not a portion of Canada and is a section of the British Empire, it has really disturbed the Dominion less than the great realm of which it is a part. Everyone who has had to do with the diplomacy of Great Britain, from the junior clerks to the most distinguished diplomatist, thinks and speaks of Newfoundland when anything is said about the troubles which annoy the Foreign Office. In every settlement which Great Britain has had to make with France for many years, the French shore difficulty in Newfoundland has cropped up. Every Canadian visitor to a foreign country who has had contact with the British consulates or legations must recall the fact that almost the first question asked by everyone connected with these departments has been with regard to Newfoundland. In Canada the geography and condition of this large island which lies at our door are imperfectly understood, and its trouble with regard to rights which were given the French fishermen on its shores has no interest to the average elector. Probably a half a dozen times in the last twelve or fourteen years I have had occasion to refer to the subject, and the mere mention of Newfoundland has always been caused by some ill-advised outcry for the incorporation, regardless of details, of the island into the Dominion. Recently the matter has been re-opened, and it seems to me, in a most unfortunate way. The Conservative papers have been occasionally criticizing Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Canadian members of the International Commission which has to do with the settlement of troubles between the United States and Canada, for not bringing Newfoundland into the Dominion and "rounding up Confederation." The immediate occasion of these criticisms is the re-opening of the Bond-Blaine treaty affair, which arranged for a reciprocity between the island and the United States to the disadvantage of Canada. Great Britain prevented this treaty becoming operative by a temporary arrangement with the United States, but now the island is clamoring for the advantages which the treaty might give it. Inconsiderate writers say that an immediate settlement of the matter could be arrived at by an earnest Government, provided Newfoundland would consent, by its admission into Canadian Confederation, to lose its identity. If such writers would only consider that Newfoundland is a diplomatic question which Great Britain has been unable to arrange after something approaching a century, they would not be so anxious to make it a cause of disturbance in our politics.

Unfortunately for us, the question which for many years has been in dispute concerns France, and we have had enough French questions to make our politics a highly seasoned dish. Certainly we do not need nor desire another French question, nor are we willing to be placed in the situation of having our interests traded off as they have been in a diplomatic way in the past, in order to settle an old row between the two mother countries concerned. No matter how much damage the ratification of the Bond-Blaine treaty might cause the Maritime Provinces, it would be cheaper to undergo the embarrassment than to undertake the care of an unfortunate and dissatisfied province such as Newfoundland has been and no doubt will be. It is sparsely populated, has extraordinary undeveloped resources, and an aptitude for engaging in political broils such as even the people of Canada could hardly outdo. A political crisis in Newfoundland is a chronic condition. If the French rights on Newfoundland's shores were either properly defined or disposed of, then Canadians could welcome this great island into the confederation of provinces. Until then we can very well find outlets for our energies in developing what we already possess.

AT the same time it may be said that the relations between the French islands in the St. Lawrence of Ste. Pierre and Miquelon and Canada, are very unsatisfactory. These islands really belong to France, as the Newfoundland shore does not, but the troublesome questions arise from the reading of the treaty which permitted France to retain them, and which is now interpreted to mean that a training station may be established there. The original arrangement was that they should not be used as a storehouse for goods likely to affect the peace and prosperity of the Canadian provinces. Instead of being simply used as fishing stations they have become magazines of liquor and tobacco and other articles out of which a large profit can be made when smuggled into Canada. The revenue of this country is diminished by at least one or two hundred thousand dollars per annum on account of the smuggling which is carried on between the islands and our coast. Of course by spending a small portion of this amount Canadian revenue cruisers can put a stop to the illicit traffic, but Canada should not be called on to stand this expense or be engaged in a continual broil such as the Newfoundland question would engage us in if we ventured into any more intimate relations with that island in which the French still have certain undefined rights which are exaggerated a hundredfold by the French Government, which desires to retain a grievance, to be used as a chronic set-off.

ACCORDING to the Berlin, Ont., papers, there has been quite a breeze over the arrangements for holding the annual joint picnic of the Public and Separate schools on the 25th inst. It is a gentle idea—the joint picnic of the schools—but making the teachers, over seventy-five per cent. of whom are women, walk in the middle of the road in a June procession through three-quarters of a mile of crowded streets, is simply preposterous. Women, properly enough, hate to display themselves in a procession, and no wonder! They get hot and red-faced, and the curl comes out of their hair, and the dust gets into their shoes and stockings and—clothes, and they feel uncomfortable, unhappy and frightfully conspicuous. I wouldn't walk in a procession for a dollar a minute, and can sympathize with the ladies in their desire to keep out of one. But the trustees are determined to have full value for their money, and on pain of dismissal the teachers, male and female, as in the procession into Noah's ark, must "walk." An effort was even beaten in the joint meeting of the School Boards to let the teachers, mostly women remember, keep pace with the "procession" on the sidewalk! Oh, no; they had to "accompany" the committees and foot it in the "Middle of de Road," which is certainly the time the band ought to play. The air would be quite as timely and in as good taste as when Joe Beef, returning from his wife's funeral, had the band play "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

HUNDREDS of young men throughout Canada who have received their "sheepskins" this summer and are now duly enrolled in the learned professions, are brought face to face with the problem how and where to secure a foothold. The same question comes to every

young fellow in some form or other, but the young doctor or lawyer as a rule experiences peculiar difficulties, in these days of overcrowding in the professions, in deciding what to do with his degree after he has obtained it, and often the first year or two of practice is decisive as to the success or failure of his career. It is nearly always a thorny problem to pick out a promising locality to settle in, and after this much is accomplished it is a slow and tedious process as a rule to establish a clientele.

Young professional men agree that their earlier practice comes rather by chance and from mere acquaintances than by studied effort or from the closer circle of friends. Circumstances and temperament are likely to determine the young practitioner's plan of campaign, but all plans can be divided under two heads. One plan is that of the book-worm, the man in love with his profession for its own sake and oblivious to all else. He works day and night in his office, studying as regularly and industriously as he did before becoming a licentiate, fortifying himself against the day when the rush of clients and patients will not leave much time for study. This type of youth is usually afraid to stir a mile from the site where he has hung out his shingle for fear of losing a case or giving the impression of inattention to business. The other type is that of the sociable fellow, whose plan is to go everywhere, getting acquainted with everybody, and courting the public. He may not have so much bookish knowledge as his rival, but he is likely to pick up a knowledge of humanity quite as necessary, and which will serve him equally well in life. It may be that from the point of view of conscience the studious plan is the better, but it cannot be denied that the other plan brings more rapid and sometimes just as permanent success. There is a surprisingly general contempt of the plug and pedant in this world. Expert knowledge, as a rule, commands respect only when joined to qualities

hand the President could have denied long ago that he had any such designs as were attributed to him; on the other hand he may have felt that it was not his business to take notice of all the idle rumors set afloat by politicians and newspaper correspondents. It may be, however, that a feeler was being put forth to gauge public sentiment, and that the disclaimer now filed, after months of third term talk, is only given out because it is believed that the electorate have not shown the desired degree of responsiveness to the suggestion, and that further discussion might do the Republicans harm. President McKinley, after committing himself so strongly, can hardly switch off to any other track, even if occasion should offer, and "Saturday Night," which, in common with many of the best posted papers of the United States, expressed a belief that Mr. McKinley might become a sort of fixture as the Presidential stool-pigeon of the plutocracy, has to confess that the event is not likely to prove as it anticipated. However, the political game in the Republic will remain much the same, no matter who the candidates may be. The element that has gained control of the Republican party and owns the Presidency, can pull the string and make some one else jump in McKinley's place. Republics seem to be peculiarly susceptible to the fear of dictatorships, and perhaps it is true wherever democratic institutions have attained their full development, that the servant can not be trusted, lest he proceed to put himself into the position of the master. The prejudice in the United States against a third term is deep-rooted. It implies a fear that ability, if allowed to exercise power too long, will surely find a means of retaining power by undermining popular freedom. Here in Canada, or wherever the British system of parliamentary government extends, no one would argue that an able man's public usefulness should be limited to a fixed term of office, and that he should then be consigned to the political bon-



BAY OF NAPLES AND MOUNT VESUVIUS.

(Illustrating "Don's" Travel Talks on page 7, a series of views of Egypt, Palestine and Italy, will continue to be published for several weeks to come.)

that make it possible for its possessor to meet inferior mortals on common ground. The young professional man who is a prisoner in his own office and who burns the midnight oil for no other purpose than to "know it all," runs the risk of losing contact with the world and becoming a fossil and mere theorist. On the other hand, the hale fellow who attends dances and banquets, plays with politics, and aims to be a social success, may be carried by the current much further than he wishes to go, and in the end may find himself with very little to show either in the way of popularity or professional standing. If a young man could give three or four years to ingratiating himself with all sorts and conditions of men, and then withdraw gradually and devote more time to study, it might be well with him. But conviviality breeds vices. Habits of economy, temperance and industry are valuable assets not acquired by a sudden effort of the will.

And it is just here that the personal equation comes in as a factor in the problem. In considering which is the better of the two methods of courting success our conclusions are always subject to modification, because we must get back to the question, Which was the better man of the two to begin with? After all, it is hard to spoil a good man, and the young fellow with the elements of success inherent in him is likely to surmount the danger of either a too studious or a too convivial start in life. Among the young doctors and lawyers now leaving their school days behind them and entering upon their professional life, possibly ten per cent., perhaps even a larger proportion, will be genuinely and indubitably successful; but some will arrive at the goal by one route and some by another. It is, after all, impossible to solve problems into which the very uncertain factor of human nature enters, by any rule of thumb or infallible generalization.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S written declaration that he will not under any circumstances be a candidate for a third term has been hailed through the length and breadth of the Union as a reassuring document. The Democrats, however, while professing to be pleased, probably realize that they are again deprived of one of their strongest arguments, and in the autumn elections they may feel the consequences in a rather serious way. Ever since his sweeping victory in November, the possibility of a third term being engineered by the President's managers has been discussed—apprehensively in many quarters. His tour of the West, in almost imperial state, did not tend to allay the fears of those who professed to see into the future, and still more recently the declarations of Senator Dewey and other representatives of the plutocratic element in United States politics, favoring a third term, produced such a din that Mr. McKinley, acting probably under advice, has been compelled to take some notice of the matter. On the one

yard. The fear of a dictatorship that almost constantly exists in Republican countries marks perhaps the greatest difference between the parliamentary system of government as understood and practised in the British Empire, and such systems as that of the United States.

TO the universal encomiums on the Hon. A. S. Hardy, who died shortly after "Saturday Night" went to press last week, it would be difficult to add without repeating what has been said, and well said, before. Mr. Hardy lived long enough after his retirement from public life to be generally appreciated, and able to appreciate the fact that his opponents did not think of him harshly, although they had sometimes seemed to do so. It is the custom in this country, as elsewhere, to abuse public men while they live and then to discover virtues they never possessed, when they are dead. Mr. Hardy was fortunate in outliving for a brief term the rancor of political strife and going to rest amidst praises that did him justice without being intemperate and insincere.

"HOGGING it" may not be a very elegant phrase, but it is thoroughly descriptive of the average modern policy as shown in the many conventions now going on. Not only do we hear of strikes amongst the highest as well as the lowliest wage-workers—taking machineists as the highest and laborers of the trackmen variety as amongst the lowliest—but reports of conventions, conferences, associations, synods, etc., contain ample proof that the majority of people are watching for "grafts" for themselves and are resentful of easy things falling in the way of others. Let us take some examples.

At the Methodist Conference there were crushing criticisms of the Book Room—which makes money and adds to the superannuation fund—by those who do not share in the profit of getting out "worldly books." Those enjoying the benefits of this procedure of course do not constitute the self-elected board of criticism, and as nobody's pocket-book was affected except favorably, what threatened to be a serious matter fell to the ground. A complaint was made by one speaker that there was an over-stock of Methodist preachers, but the discussion as reported by the daily papers did not contain the very natural suggestion that it is impossible to have too much of a good thing, or too many of a good kind. If the preaching brother is properly equipped, zealous, and engaged in the highest of all tasks, the more numerous he is the better. But of course the effect of an over-supplied market is to reduce the salaries and increase competition. So to the preacher, who doubtless receives too little pay and has too much competition, it seems a serious matter that as time rolls on, considerable of the money raised by the Methodist denomination goes to the educating of ministers who are not immediately in demand.

At the Presbyterian Assembly in Ottawa, Rev. Mr. Madill, once well known as chief amongst the "P.P.A.'s" and as a Congregational minister, made application for admission and found a very frosty welcome. It is not my intention to defend the somewhat erratic course of Rev. Mr. Madill, but he is either good enough to be a preacher of the Gospel or he is not. The action of the Assembly in only accepting him for a year as a sort of protested probationer indicates that it is not very easy to get within the Presbyterian picket line, where preachers are not yet so plentiful as to prohibit the imported article. In the matter of the Augmentation fund—a fund used to assist struggling churches—the committee in charge suggested that an agent be appointed to go amongst the weak congregations and see that there was no collusion between the people and the pastors. This was denounced as spying and the introduction of a "detective system." Fortunately for the high position which Presbyterianism holds in public opinion, the suggestion was negative, but only after a sharp battle. It would seem to the uninitiated that ministers who suspect one another of not being above such little schemes as arranging with their congregations that proper information be kept back from the officers of the Assembly that the Augmentation fund may be "touched," are not entirely unworlly.

At the recent conventions of the physicians and surgeons of Canada and Ontario, the desire to maintain the sawbones and physic business as a close corporation was made unusually evident. I have never been amongst those who felt called upon to clamor for greater liberties for quacks, impostors, and such people as desire to mislead the public for personal gain in the serious matter of health. Nevertheless, it strikes me that a convention of doctors, none of whom perhaps have been guiltless of making experiments upon their patients, should be kept absolutely free from the tone of knowing it all and wanting it all; or, to revert to the text, of desiring to "hog it." The doctor who was expelled for having to do with a so-called cancer cure was, without doubt, treated as he deserved, but the manner of his dismissal somehow left a bad taste in one's mouth. The denunciation of those who do not practice medicine according to the laws of the Ontario branch of the Medes and Persians, seemed almost too bitter and sweeping. Of the Christian Scientists I know nothing, yet they seem to have many followers and to have done some good, or the whole thing would have gone to pieces. That they have done much harm may be true, but the way to educate the public to avoid them is not by contemptuously rejecting all belief in their methods and impugning their motives. Would it not be wiser to treat them more gently—say with the silence of contempt, which is perhaps the strongest weapon that could be used in such a convention? As regards Osteopaths and all those so-called scientists who use physical means to produce physical results, the tone of the convention was that of those who rejected without investigation, which, it seems to me, implied a considerable lack of energy. There was a time when Homeopathy were denounced as severely as Osteopaths now are, yet Homeopathy has done a great deal to modify the practice of medicine. The old-fashioned doses have come down to meet the Homeopathic pellets, and the nursing upon which the Homeopathic doctors depended so much is now the right hand of the Allopaths. Osteopathy, ridiculous as the name sounds, has nothing to do with faith cures or anything of that sort, but, like massage and many other things in nursing, surgery and medicine, has considerable reason for its existence. However this may be, the treatment that everyone except the regular practitioner receives at the hands of this most rigid of close corporations was such as to prove that the doctor-market is overstocked with men if not with brains, and those who have a franchise to practice medicine are anxious to keep it from being injured by competition.

The Law Society, another close corporation, has the wit to keep from blundering when it comes in contact with public opinion. The sins for which lawyers lose their gowns are those which are not made manifest except upon complaint, and the bird who has been plucked seldom has energy enough left to make complaint. It is well that there should be such a Society in existence as a court to which the victim may appeal, not for restitution, but for what is practically the revenge of seeing the crooked legal man put out of business. It would be well, however, if not only the Law Society, but the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons, bestirred itself a little more to keep the profession comparatively clean. At present it only acts when it has to, and sometimes refuses, it is said, for fear of making the whole legal profession suspected of being so intensely "on the make" that it would be safer for the people to make any old settlement rather than go to law. As at present constituted, it seems to me this Society is more of a pretense than a protection to either lawyers or litigants.

DURING the recent period when there has been such a dearth of news, and consequently so much difficulty in finding topics for current criticism, there has been any amount of discussion as to whether the rich or the poor boy starts in life with the better opportunities of achieving success. On the surface it would seem that the man who has achieved success is best qualified to utter the final word in such an argument. Moreover, it has been a matter of surprise that the self-made millionaires of America have been not only willing, but eager to part with the secret of their success. This should not occasion any wonder, for a man who is already a millionaire need not be fearful of the competition of those who desire to arrive at the same point of apparent security from criticism and want. Millionaires, like others, are more willing to part with advice than almost anything else, but I am doubtful if either reminiscences of youthful difficulties preceding success, or the sleek, smug stuff which some of the editorial writers are feeding to their youthful readers, will make much difference. Some people will be successful early in life; some will achieve success later on; others may not get it till they are old; and the majority of them will never be reckoned as having accomplished anything out of the ordinary. After all, the average person who is neither very poor nor very rich, and who never seems to have accomplished enough to cause unusual happiness or to have suffered enough to inflict extraordinary pain, is perhaps more to be envied than those who go through the trying ordeals of possessing too much or too little.

THE case with which the Toronto Electric Light Company obtained permission to add a million dollars to its capital stock has been severely commented upon by almost every daily paper in the city. At the first glance it looks as if any corporation having letters patent from the province might double or treble its capital at any time upon making proper application and paying the requisite fee. Any limited liability company, by making an application to the Provincial Secretary and presenting regular papers, may have its capital increased almost to any extent, and it may be asked why this same procedure should not apply to the Toronto Electric Light Company. At the time of incorporation all safeguards required by law for the public good are supposed to have been insisted upon, and the company originally worthy of incorporation is supposed

to be past suspicion when it asks for a right to invest more money in the same enterprise.

The exploiting of public franchises, however, is very different from the development of private enterprises. The Toronto Electric Light Company has obtained a monopoly in Toronto, upon which the users of electrical energy are entirely dependent. They can and do dictate the price which the consumer shall pay. Over 200,000 people are at the mercy of a small board of money-makers as to whether they shall have electric illumination at a reasonable rate, or whether those who are manufacturers shall have electrical power at such a rate as to make their industrial undertakings profitable. A company to whom these important functions are entrusted must be watched by every private citizen dependent upon it, and by those to whom municipal and general government is entrusted. It is the Government's business to see that no opportunity is given such a corporation to acquire either further capital or further power without giving the people at the mercy of such a monopoly a chance to be heard. This opportunity was not afforded the people of Toronto, and consequently a feeling of resentment so deep and far-reaching as not to be mistaken has been loudly voiced by the press. The hauteur and the arrogance of the Toronto Electric Light Company have evidently antagonized the whole community, and it seems strange that no rumor of such a state of public feeling has reached the guardians of public franchises in the Parliament Buildings.

CIRCUS day lives bright and green in the memory of those who were once boys but who are now old. So vivid is the memory of the joys attendant upon the coming and the going of the elephant and the kangaroo, that no modern father or grandfather ever thinks of refusing the small boy an opportunity to see the show. In the old days the circus was small, but the difficulties of getting to it were great. Now the circus is large and the difficulties of getting to it small, and the joys of seeing it have by no means increased in proportion to the number of the tents, the rings, the clowns, and the animals. The nowadays kid is sufficed with processions, parades, performances, concerts, and theaters, and he does not go to the circus open-eyed and willing to be thrown into convulsions of laughter by a trick-mule. The grandfather, the father, the uncles and the aunts, all good church members, who used to be afraid to go on their own account, do not nowadays, as of old, club together to take one small boy to see the menagerie, and incidentally take in the circus. Even twenty or twenty-five years ago an excuse was necessary to put enough face on the church-goer to enable him or her to attend the circus. The pretense of taking the small boy to see the menagerie used to be enough, but no pretense is necessary now, for even the much-censored Public Schools make it easy for the kid to get off by announcing that there will be no important work on circus afternoon.

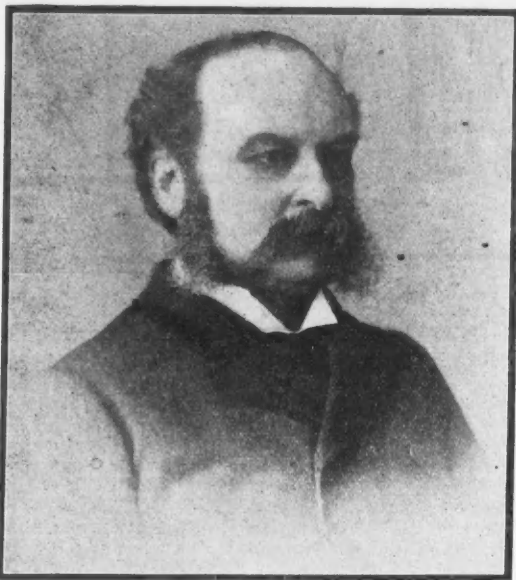
This is quite right. No one should be prevented from seeing the circus whether the performance be really worth seeing or not. Sentimentally, everyone desires to be able to say that they have been to it. It would have broken my heart to have missed a circus when I was a youngster; it would break my back to go to one now. If I had a great big cushioned seat and a state box as big as a bed-room offered me in order to secure my patronage, I could not be coaxed into one of those crowded and noisy tents. The circus is liable to go out of fashion, for it has become an expensive business to run one, and nothing keeps shows of this sort alive except the reminiscences of those who once found beneath the canvas a wonderland so delightful as not to be forgotten. The grandfather who now slips a half a dollar into the small boy's hand and tells him to go to the circus, is shocked and surprised when the youngster comes home and says that he did not care much for it. It will not be long before those with memories of the joy that a circus afforded thirty or forty years ago, will all be dead, and with the fading away of those generations will come the disappearance of the itinerant show. No doubt there are boys still being born who would be willing to take a thrashing at home, fail in their school examinations, and go a day without sleep or food, in order to lead a circus horse down to water, but they are very few, and the water is brought to the animals in pipes. At one time these sacrifices would have seemed as nothing to nearly every boy in order to have enjoyed the brief distinction of having had personally to do with the management of the circus.

In those old days circuses did not travel by train, but by wagon, and at almost every crossroad some youngster who could not get to the circus itself lost his whole night's sleep waiting to see the caravan go by. Good advice, whalings, all the personal discomforts of staying up all night and walking for miles, did not deter the enterprising boy from seeing at least the outside of the travelling menagerie and single ring circus. The difference between the present show and of that day, and the mental attitude and imagination of the boy of the past and of to-day, is one of the most distinct signs that times have changed and that things are not as they were.

Social and Personal.

ONE of the most charming outdoor events ever taking place here was the reception given in honor of the Old Boys of Upper Canada College last Saturday afternoon. There was a delightful and heartsome side to what would in any event have been a bright affair, in the unexpected or anticipated reunions of the former college boys, who are now grave and sometimes reverend personages. They came from the bench, the pulpit, the huge commercial centers, and the quiet country homes. Every sort and almost every condition of man received the cordial greetings of the reception committee under the great entrance of the fine college pile. Some of them came in gowns that had been hung away for a score, even two score years, and under their time-faded folds were stirring heartbeats to the tune of "The Boys of the Old Brigade," which the regimental band opportunely lifted forth now and then. And under the time-worn trenchers that sat upon scanty looks, grey curls or bald pates, were stores of reminiscences teeming in retentive memories of the pranks and high jinks, and prize winnings, and crammings, and tough problems, and pillow fights, and all such college matters of half a century ago.

Under the entrance porch, a small table with a bearded old man watchfully guarding it held a glass case of medals, the property of that gallant old college boy, Colonel Dunn of Cobourg. Among the medals was his superlative treasure, the Victoria Cross, at which many gazed with interest, added to by the recent bestowal of the like great honor upon Captain Cockburn, a college boy, and son of a principal of the college whose name is a tradition therein. Carriage after carriage bowed smartly up the avenue and deposited its load at the steps; beautiful women in their prettiest gowns, sweet young girls in dainty muslins, and more men, some having to be gently aided in their progress by reason of many years, some jauntily cavaliering the ladies about. Then Mr. W. H. Beatty beamed a welcome, and Dr. Parkin had some clever little compliment for everyone, and his three charming ladies, Mrs. Parkin and two fair daughters, seconded the welcome, and the ladies of the reception committee, Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa and Mrs. Arnold, looking very smart and happy in their pleasant work, were grouped at the entrance to the college. Behind them, open doors invited the guests to stroll through the seat of learning, and the curious might see the contents of a square tin box being gotten ready to place in the corner-stone when Lady Minto laid the same. By hundreds the guests kept arriving, the exquisite beauty of the June afternoon, cool and bright, the fine air of the high-set scene, the freshness of the young turf and foliage making the success of the affair perfect. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn were the center of a group, the proud mother of the ex-collegian



THE LATE HON. A. S. HARDY.

who has started the new century so well, looking very sweet and happy in a French gown of cream, with lace applique and a very pretty little bonnet. Presently the Government House carriage arrived with Miss Mowat and Mr. Elmsley, A.D.C., and then the long-looked-for little lady from Rideau, smiling and punctual, came, and the crowning ceremony of the day was begun. The college boys formed a sort of procession and strolled across the campus to the south-west corner, where a temporary platform and awning were erected, while across the wide green came a notable train of brains and beauty. Lady Minto at the head, carrying a huge sheaf of American Beauty roses, and wearing, not "a neat grey suit," as some unobservant man recorded, but her pretty thin black gown, with wide insertions of black lace over white silk, and a soft black hat shading her bright dark eyes. Miss Mowat also had a splendid bouquet of white half-blown roses, and the Ottawa party was composed of the young children of His Excellency, Mrs. Maude, and the Comptroller of the Household, Mr. Arthur Guise, who has recently returned from a pleasant visit in Ireland and England. The Bishop of Toronto, in his robes, led Lady Minto to her place on the platform, and a small party of representative persons took their stand around her. Speeches were made, the lady of Rideau tapped the stone, the silver trowel was presented to her, and a very handsome thing it is, with the Minto arms on the face, with an inscription and the College arms on the reverse. Then Lady Minto made a little speech, her soft, clear voice carrying so well that every word was heard at some distance; and, by the way, what a good little speech it was, not a word too much, and every word saying something! After the ceremony, the Vice-regal party took something in a private marquee, and the public had many good things in a huge tent which was amply supplied with summer dainties, and then it was half-past six, and everyone scurried home, just at the time when the atmospheric and other conditions were most tempting to remain, and the finest reunion ever held "en plein air" in Toronto came to an end.

To tell who were present would be to give a list of all that is best in social, artistic and literary Toronto, and such a gathering of those quiet and cultured folk whose boast is that they never go anywhere, I have not before admired in our city, while the gayer world, "on l'on s'amuse," preened itself and was admitted to the last limit. But over and above all were the dear "old boys" in all their glory, a lot that knit the country together indeed.

The weather, which has been so outrageously inconsiderate this spring, really did its best for General O'Grady-Haly and the Minister of Militia on Tuesday, and that sweet spot, Niagara-on-the-Lake, was a thing of beauty as the preparations for the march past and inspection began. Dr. Borden brought his two beautiful young daughters in their mourning robes, and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly, who is so popular with young and old in Ottawa, chaperoned the Misses Borden while the Minister was on the embankment watching sham attacks and other performances. The common, in unthought brilliancy of red and gold and blue and silver, and the business-like tan of the khaki kids, was alive with soldiers doing all sorts of marching and saluting and manoeuvres. The jolly General, on a big grey horse, was omniscient and rather warm. The staff were busy and gorgeous, Colonel Otter in a long-tailed gold-corded coat, Major Heward in helmet and scarlet, Colonel Pellatt in the trim rifle green with ambitious plume very stiff in his smart shako, Colonel Macdonald with his plaid billowing on the breeze as he galloped to and fro, Colonel Bruce in a mountainous bushy and scarlet, Mr. Douglas Young in the blue and silver and helmet with horsehair plume of the Body Guard, also doing many a hasty gallop for the General, and many another busy soldier-man, were out in full feather. And the ladies came in carriages to see the show and lined up behind the saluting point. Mrs. Otter, Mrs. J. C. Macdonald, Miss Campbell of Carbrook, and Mrs. J. K. Kerr were in one carriage, Mrs. O'Grady-Haly and the Misses Borden in another; Mrs. Forester, Mrs. Stewart Houston, Miss Clayton, Miss Homer Dixon, were in a third. Mrs. Nordheimer, the Misses Nordheimer and Miss Athol Boulton were a charming group. Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. George, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Bruce, Miss Justina Harrison, also watched the troops from carriages. After the salute there was a stampede of the fair sightseers to headquarters, where Mrs. Otter and her party entertained the ladies and the Eastern visitors at afternoon tea on the lawn, and where a delightful hour was enjoyed by all. The ever gallant adjutant, Major Galloway, was here, there and everywhere, looking after the ladies, and Major Nattress, who isn't yet quite robust after his illness, was also most kind and attentive. The staff entertained the General and the Minister of Militia at dinner afterwards, the repast being set in a huge mess tent, and the decorations, in deep crimson peonies and roses, being very smart.

The many friends of Colonel and Mrs. Graves, late of 185 Crescent road, Rosedale, Toronto, will be glad to hear that Colonel Graves has reached the Andamans safely and has taken over the Governorship of the islands from Colonel Temple. Mrs. Graves, who is at present spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bucke of London, Ont., will follow her husband about the 15th of September, and will take up her residence at Government House a month or so before Christmas.

A feature of the Grant-Hall wedding in Hamilton on Wednesday was the exquisite bouquet carried by the bride, which was made in regular shower form, of snow-white stocks. The beautiful flowers were garlanded on green strands with most effective skill, and everyone was delighted with the result. Mr. Hall ordered the bouquet from Tidy, who made it as described for the first time. The church was also very pretty with arches and decorations of seringa and marguerites, the waxy seringa with its delicious perfume being suggestive of the orange blossoms, sacred to the rites of Hymen.

Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Hayward, and Mrs. Bird, their daughter, went to the Pan-American after the wedding on Wednesday. Mr. Gerald Hayward has a

lovely picture of the Countess of Minto which he is painting in miniature. By the way, Lady Minto paid a visit to the Pan last Monday, and was entertained at luncheon by Director-General Buchanan. Lady Minto's party included Mrs. Maude, wife of the new Military Secretary, Major Maude, the three Ladies Elliot, and Mr. Arthur Guise. The party stayed for the fireworks, which, with the electrical display, gave them great pleasure. On Tuesday they returned here and took the St. Lawrence boat "Toronto," which was unfortunately fog-bound on the way for four hours. Lady Minto is having a better look at our country in her little informal journeys than other Vice-regal ladies have enjoyed, and seems always ready for a jaunt to some interesting and beautiful spot.

The closing of Bishop Ridley College takes place on Thursday next, and the very excellent service by boat and train to St. Kitts this summer will attract a good many friends of the college. Besides, so many of us have acquired the "St. Catharines habit," as an ex-invalid calls it, that we think nothing of the little trip by train or boat, and several will combine the closing of the college ceremonies with a little tarrying at the Welland, and a bath and massage.

On Friday evening, June 7th, Miss Veals gave a reception and soiree musicale at Glen Mawr, the enjoyment of which was universal. The music was admirably rendered by the pupils of Mr. Frank Welsman and Mr. Schuch, whose valuable tuition is keeping up the high standard at Glen Mawr. After the concert very nice refreshments were served to the guests.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 24 and 25, the twelfth annual commencement exercises of the Presbyterian Ladies' College will take place in the Assembly Hall of the Church of the Redeemer, adjoining the college. This college is one of the recognized leading educational centers of the province, and has a large and important list of students. Every year sees increased interest in the programme, which at commencement gives the public some idea of the results of the very excellent teaching given at the college.

Lieut.-Colonel Merritt and his father, Mr. Nehemiah Merritt, are at 40 Cecil street. Mr. Fisk and Mrs. Fisk (nee Beardmore), and Mr. Fred Beardmore of Montreal are to spend the summer at Dorval.

Colonel and Mrs. Mason have taken summer quarters at Center Island. Mr. and Mrs. Barker of Cecil street are also at Center Island. They have a nice house not far from the Yacht Club. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Winderay are at Ward's Hotel, East Island, for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Hees and their family will spend some time at Center Island while their pretty home in St. George street is undergoing some enlargements and alterations. Mr. and Mrs. Haas and their children are also at the Island.

The marriage of Miss Cora Caroline Croft, daughter of Mr. William Croft, South Parkdale, and Mr. Charles Weeks of Charlottetown, P.E.I., takes place at six o'clock this evening at the Church of the Epiphany. Rev. Bernard Bryan is to be the officiating minister. The bride's attendants are Miss Mabel Essery, Miss Cassie Croft, and a small maid of honor. Miss Wynona Croft, with a page, Master Wilkie Croft, will complete the party. The best man will be Mr. Vernon McLeod of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and the ushers will be Mr. Anthony Croft and Mr. Hector McNeil. The bridal robe is of cream duchesse satin, with lace and chiffon; the veil of tulle and the traditional orange blossoms will be worn. The bride bouquet will be of white roses. The maids will wear white organdie over white silk, white chip hats trimmed with satin, and will carry bouquets of pink roses. The little maid of honor will wear white muslin, a white poke bonnet of chiffon, and carry white sweet peas. The gift of the bride's father is a baby grand piano.

The marriage of Mr. J. Gordon Macdonald, son of the late Mr. Hugh Macdonald of Wellington place, and Miss Margaret Augusta May Gooderham, youngest daughter of Mr. Alfred Gooderham of Maplecroft, took place at Maplecroft on Wednesday afternoon, Ven. Archdeacon Boddy officiating. Owing to recent bereavement in the groom's family and the present ill-health of the father of the bride, only the family circle witnessed the marriage. Mr. Edward Gooderham of Madison avenue, brother of the bride, gave her away. She wore a very dainty gown of pale grey crepe de chine, with insertions of cream lace, and belt and collar of silver. A cream lace hat, with knot of turquoise velvet and a bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley, completed her costume, in which she went away immediately after the ceremony. Miss Amy Munro was bridesmaid in white organdie and lace, with black tulle hat and bouquet of Beauty roses. Mr. Gordon Mortimer Clark cousin of the groom, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Macd mald went to New York on the afternoon train. Mrs. Macdonald, mother of the groom, and Miss Bessie Macdonald, left town on Thursday for a summer abroad, and sail on the Umbria to-day.

Mrs. Montague Adamson, Miss Derbyshire, her aunt, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, the Misses Nordheimer, Miss Athol Boulton, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Forester, Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mrs. Nattress, Miss Campbell of Carbrook, Mrs. O'Grady-Haly, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Houston, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. and Miss Sloane, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. George, the Misses Borden of Ottawa, Mrs. O'Reilly, Miss Rolph, Mrs. Arthur W. Ross, Miss Joanna E. Wood, Miss Justina Harrison, were some of the ladies at the Queen's Royal, Niagara, this week. Mrs. Ross went over for the sail and a few hours' delightful rest on the shady terrace on Tuesday. She is looking much better.

Mrs. Twining is the guest of Mrs. Peplar in Spadina road. Captain Twining, R.E., now on service in China, who was a graduate of Kingston R. M. College, has just received an important appointment as superintendent of instruction at Bengal. Consequently the college quotes Kipling and says "Gloats to us," for here as elsewhere its soldiers are doing very well.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey White and Miss White are at their Center Island cottage for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Beatty are also Islanders. Dr. and Mrs. Sheard and their young people are settled at Tullamore. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ryrie are cottagers on Clarendon avenue.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Charles Moss gave an informal tea to a number of the young set, friends of her charming daughter, Mrs. Sprigge, who is now visiting her parents, and also for her new daughter, Mrs. Charlie Moss, who is everywhere very popular. It was a very pleasant and pretty little tea, and much enjoyed.

Mrs. and Miss Adderly arrived yesterday on a visit to Mrs. Herbert Mason at Ermeleigh. Mrs. Mason will receive on Monday afternoon at Ermeleigh. Mrs. Adderly has been for some time expected here, but her arrival was unavoidably delayed.

The engagement of Mr. Duncan Stewart Storey, lieutenant Q.O.R., and Miss Tillie Snyder, daughter of Mr. S. Snyder of Berlin, Ontario, is announced. The popular officer is much congratulated. He now resides in Midland. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge gave an informal tea in honor of Judge and Mrs. Fitzgerald of Prince Edward Island, who are paying a visit to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunnet and Miss Daisy Ashley-Dunnet sailed on Friday morning from Montreal to Bristol for a two months' trip through England and Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Langton, Mr. and Mrs. George Burton and Miss Augusta Hodgins sailed for England on Saturday.

The engagement of Mr. Percy Eby and Miss Elsie Lockie of Queen's Park is announced.



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Social and Personal.

The rumors of a peevish for the Premier of the Dominion and a tidy little knightship for each of the mayors of cities visited by the Duke of Cornwall and York this fall, are interesting bits of news. Bachelor mayors will have yet another charm to tantalize the longing "fair," if the news be true.

The engagement is announced of Miss N. L. Johnson, daughter of Mrs. Reginald Case, and Mr. N. B. Donnell.

Mr. A. E. Macdonald, Chumpanun, Bengal, India, with his grandchildren, is on a visit to his sister, Mrs. H. L. Smythe, 117 Bedford road.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert M. Simpson of 2 Wellesley place, on the return of their daughter from Falls View Convent, will remove to their summer residence, Kew Beach.

A correspondent writes: "Varsity men will be pleased to hear of the marriage on Wednesday, June 12, of Mr. Alfred Hall, barrister, of Vancouver, B.C., a '94 graduate in classics and political science, to Miss Bertha Fulton, eldest daughter of Mr. P. R. Fulton of Gowansbank, Woodstock. The home was beautifully decorated for the wedding. The bride couple standing under an arch of roses. The bride was gowned in a beautiful dress of Brussels lace over white duchesse satin, and carried white roses. The maid of honor, Miss Bessie Fulton, and the bridesmaids, Misses Ghita Dunlop and Sarah and Florence Fulton, wore white organdie over taffeta, with black picture hats, and carried pink roses. The groomsmen were Dr. Wickett of the University. The ceremony was performed by Dr. McMullen, in the presence of the immediate friends and relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Hall left for Toronto and Quebec. The bride's going-away gown was a handsome castor broadcloth, with mushroom toque of the same color, with turquoise-blue flowers and castor ribbon.

Mrs. Harry Barron (formerly Miss Fannie O'Connor) held her post-nuptial reception on Wednesday, June 13, at 205 Euclid avenue.

On Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock at Aldersyde, the residence of Mr. Richard Edwards of Cannington, the marriage of his daughter, Miss Mabel Lisbeth, and Mr. Archibald Crone Macfarlane of the Standard Bank, Picton, was celebrated. The ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Malcolm McKinnon, B.A., brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Donald Martin, pastor of Knox Church, Cannington, took place in the drawing-room, in the presence of the immediate relatives and a few intimate friends, the young couple standing under the beautiful decorations of greenery composed of bridal roses and ferns. The Mendelssohn Wedding March was played by Miss Helena Kerr of Picton. The bride, who was given away by her father, was very sweet and graceful in a handsome gown of ivory satin duchesse en train, with sleeves and guimpe of tucked chiffon, the corsage trimmed with silk lace applique; her veil of tulle was held by a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of white roses, her sole ornament being a pendant of diamonds and pearls, the gift of the groom. The maid of honor was Miss Ethel Edwards, sister of the bride, and the bridesmaid Miss Margaret Campbell of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, who were charmingly attired in pale blue taffeta and white silk respectively, and carried bouquets of pink and white roses. The groom's gifts to the bridesmaids were pearl pins. Two little attendant, niece and nephew of the bride, preceded the bridal party. Little Miss Dorothy Edwards Amey was dressed in a French frock of white organdie, and carried a basket of flowers. Master George Ashton Weeks was dressed in a Fauntleroy suit of black velvet, and carried the wedding ring on a silver tray. Mr. Robert Macfarlane, Jr., and Mr. Frederic Richard Edwards assisted the groom. After the ceremony the wedding breakfast was served in the spacious dining-room, which was beautifully decorated with the national colors, quantities of flowers and white satin ribbon. Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane left on the evening train for the Eastern States, the bride wearing a tailor-made gown of castor cloth, the smart Eton coat, lined with silk, opening over a blouse of tucked silk, and a hat to match, ornamented with flowers and chiffon. Among the invited guests were Mr. Robert Macfarlane, Miss Macfarlane, Mr. Robert Macfarlane, Jr., Mr. W. A. Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hunter and Miss Jessie Hunter of Durham, Mr. and Mrs. D. Macfarlane of Caledon, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Macfarlane of Glencoe, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McKinnon of Hillsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Amey of Cannington, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Weeks of Woodville, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Plank,

of Uxbridge, Miss Sarah Coulthard of Oshawa, Misses Lucas, Gibbs, Weeks, Henderson of Toronto, Mr. Rowland of Richmond Hill, Mr. Osborne of Allisa Craig, Misses Effie Smith, Mabel McCracken, Mary Houston, Carrie Cowan, Rev. and Mrs. Donald Martin, Mrs. M. H. Chambers of Fenelon Falls, Miss Margaret Campbell of Beaver Dam, Wis., and Miss Lizzie Gillespie of Chicago.

I have been asked by Dr. Jean Cruickshank to publish the following list of subscribers to the Woman College Hospital for Canadian Women: Mrs. Robert Jaffray \$20, Mr. John B. Laidlaw \$25, Mrs. W. Clarke Wallace \$5, Mrs. Gunther \$1, Mrs. Riddell \$25, Mrs. W. Anderson \$25, Mr. W. Anderson \$25, Mrs. Barrington Nevitt \$10, Mrs. Jack Beatty \$5, Miss Adena Nevitt \$1, Miss Nevitt \$1, Mrs. J. Allen Case \$1, Mrs. Myres \$50, Mrs. Alfred Marsh \$25, Mrs. Jack Murray \$25, Mrs. McCollom \$25, Mrs. Lockhart Gordon \$25, Mrs. Wallace \$25, Miss Mary Flannery \$25, Miss Nellie Gilroy \$25, Miss Nellie Woods \$25, Miss Ethel Watson \$25, A Friend \$25, Miss M. E. Allen \$25, Miss E. W. Stablesbury \$25, Miss Mary Beatty \$25, Mr. Joseph Wood \$1, Miss M. Wilcox (Bond Head, Ont.) \$1, Miss Mary McLehlan (Highfield, Ont.) \$25, Miss Wallbridge \$25, A Friend \$25, Mrs. Joseph Campbell \$25, Miss A. V. Beatty \$1, Miss J. F. Smith \$50, A Friend \$25, Mrs. J. Lawson \$25, Mrs. Edward Leigh \$25, Miss Cayley \$25, Miss A. Brown \$25, Miss Austin \$25, Mrs. Coad \$2, Miss M. L. Hart \$25, Rev. Mr. Parker \$25, Miss E. Latch \$25, Mrs. J. W. Leonard \$5, Mrs. Henry Goodenham \$10, Mrs. K. Goodenham \$10, Mrs. H. H. Pudger \$5, Mrs. K. S. Neville \$50, Mrs. W. H. Gibbs, sr., \$50, Mr. F. E. Gibbs \$25, Mrs. W. S. Blackstock \$1, Mrs. George Kerr \$1, Miss C. Macklem \$2, Mrs. Boyle \$1, Mrs. Dickenson \$25, Miss Johnson (Chicago) \$25, Miss Allen \$25, Mrs. D. Murdoch McLeod (Aurora) \$50, Miss Gilray \$1, Mrs. W. Abel (Lac La Hache, B.C.) \$5.

On Monday evening several jolly little diners took place at the Island R.C.Y.C. House. Mr. Turner entertained Mr. and Mrs. Magann, Miss Falconbridge, Miss Evelyn Cox and Mr. Sydney Small, and Mrs. Graff (Mile. Toronto) was the guest of the honorary secretary at a cosy little dinner of three. Other members dined up or downstairs, and at eight o'clock and later the Hawatha brought over the young set for a dance. The coolness of the evening, which made dancing so delightful, kept some of the usual "verandah" party at home, but there was quite a nice number present. The music was extra good, and the musicians very much appreciated the Siche gas which lighted their corner so brilliantly. Ruby globes shaded the gas in the "salle de danse," and proved extremely comforting to the young beauties who patronized the Yacht Club hops. Next Monday evening the 48th Highlanders' Band, which has so enthused our Southern neighbors, will give a band concert, and should the promised hot spell arrive, this will be an ideal event. The beautiful bowling green is in its prime order, and there will be a young June moon on hand also. On last Monday a few of the guests at the hop were Miss May Mewburn of Hamilton, in a brilliant poppy-red frock and hat; Miss Falconbridge and Miss Emily Falconbridge; Miss Ashworth, very pretty in a dainty light frock; Miss Dottie Lamont, most graceful of dancers; Miss Beddoe, a very handsome fair-haired maiden, chaperoned by her mother, the Misses Graeme and Mildred Stewart, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Lane, Miss Edith Whyte of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Miss Strange, Miss Lella McDonnell, looking radiant in pink and white; Miss Katie Ross, in a trim black and white gown and hat; Miss Edith Hill, the Misses Forlin, Miss E. Paterson, Miss Flossie Phillips, Miss Smith, Miss Laura Gale, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Masse, Mr. Masse wearing a dainty summer gown and poke hat with large pale pink roses; Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Miss Nellie Whyte, Miss Buckner, Miss May Kirkpatrick, in a very pretty white muslin and lace; the Misses Hughes, Mr. Vincent Hughes, Mrs. and Miss Byford, Mr. Henry Duck, Mr. George Macklem, Messrs. Lamont, Mr. Harry Grubbe, Mr. Morton, Mr. Tom MacMurrich, Miss Haycock of Ottawa, and dozens of others of the young dancing set who so much enjoy these evenings. The club house looks well, and the easy chairs and new cushions were quite appreciated between dances. The Siche gas was also much eulogized, and gave a steady and very pretty light. The "Merry Americans" have not yet descended upon Toronto, but are on the way, being caught en passant by the exhibition in Buffalo, but we may expect to hear their slow, pretty voices and see their surprising hats and frocks over at the July dances, as usual. They are always more than welcome, and each summer turn up in greatly increasing numbers.

A marriage of interest to many Torontonians was that of Mr. John H. Lamb, C.E., of Toronto, and Miss Agnes Birmingham of Kingston, a member of a well-known family in that city. Miss Birmingham is a sister-in-law of Hon. William Hart, and has several connections in Toronto. Rev. Father Kelly of Smith's Falls was the officiating priest at the ceremony, which took place in the R.C. Church, Kingston. Mr. Cornelius Birmingham, brother of the bride, gave her away, and her sister, Miss Molly Birmingham, was bridesmaid. Dr. Frank Birmingham of New York was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb are, I believe, to reside in Winnipeg.

On next Tuesday, June 25, Mr. J. J. Kelso, whose admirable work as superintendent of the Neglected Children's Aid Society has given him an enviable name in Ontario, is to be married in Nashville, Tennessee, to a fair daughter of the South, Miss Irene Martin. I am told that Miss Martin has many attractions and is an artist of considerable talent.

From Madagascar.

The peculiar breadth of "Saturday Night's" constituency was rather strikingly illustrated this week. From the Indian Ocean to Canada is a far call, but it is not too far for "Saturday Night" to reach out on behalf of its



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combine very prettily, and as Amethysts are only semi-precious stones we have been able to make some choice pins at moderate prices. Many articles of jewelry are being made at a discount of their cost; these are pleasing because of their beauty.

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Some time ago we issued a little booklet called TO-RON-TO, in which we made a quotation from Dr. Scadding's book, "Toronto of Old," explaining that the meaning of the Indian word Toronto is "Place of Meeting." What Toronto was to the Indians we want Ryrie Bros. to be to the public. When making an appointment for the matinee or an engagement down town it is much pleasanter to have it with the beautiful surroundings of our store rather than at a corner, and you are most welcome to do so.

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advertisers. An order was received for a line of goods manufactured in Canada, the order being dated "Steamship Unkurt, off Madagascar, May 12, 1901," and addressed to the proper parties in Canada "in care of the Advertising Department Toronto 'Saturday Night.'" Letters from the farthest portions of America and Europe are frequently received by some one of the numerous departments of this paper, and though somewhat more of a curiosity, the Madagascar letter is not by any means unprecedented in the office of "Saturday Night."

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L. A. STACKHOUSE
124 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

The Demon of Homicide

A Weird Tale of an English Country House

For SATURDAY NIGHT.
By C. LANGTON CLARKE.



OME time ago I was dining tete-a-tete with Dr. D., a gentleman well known in his profession, but whose name I prefer to suppress. After dinner the conversation turned upon a certain murder that had been recently committed—a murder of details so revolting and extraordinary as to occupy a great part of public attention and a good many columns of the newspapers. The perpetrator lying at the time under sentence of death. A stranger, a tramp, actuated as it seemed by no particular object, such as revenge or plunder, but possessed solely, it would appear, with a sudden lust of blood, had murdered a whole family, from the aged grandfather to the infant in his cradle. He had betrayed neither before nor since any symptoms of insanity, and was now laboring, under an awakened and horrified sense of his guilt, but was unable to explain his motive or give reason for his deed. We talked, as I have said, on this subject, and I asked my friend whether he could give any explanation, or possessed any theory which would account for a circumstance so extraordinary.

"I do possess a theory," he replied, "and it is quite possible that you may think it a wild one, as coming from a professional man. I myself, ten years ago, would have scouted it as absurd, but I had at that time a certain experience, an experience so dreadful, so incredible, that when I look back upon it I can scarcely bring myself to believe that it actually occurred, and but for the terrible attendant circumstances that deprived me of two of the dearest friends I ever had, I should imagine myself to have been the victim of an hallucination. I will tell my story for the first time to you, and you shall then judge whether my theory has not strong grounds of support."

Accordingly, having replenished our glasses and lit our cigars, the doctor commenced his tale.

The best friend I ever had—I may say my only real friend, as friends should be—the Jonathan to my David—was a man named John Hargreaves. We had been educated together; as a little boy he was my father's pupil; we went to Westminster together, moved up through the school together, at all sports and amusements we were inseparable; and when, at the close of our school life, he went to Oxford, I gave my parents no rest till I was allowed to accompany him. On our life at Oxford I need not dilate; suffice it to say that there we drifted somewhat apart; his mode of life and mine were different; he was heir to a considerable fortune, and the rather straitened income of my father would not permit of my indulging in the amusements in which he and his set delighted, but nevertheless we were still friends, though we did not meet as often as formerly. To tell the truth, he became rather wild, and in his second year was "sent down" for some foolish prank, while I stayed on, and took my degree. We still corresponded with great regularity, and during the next three years I frequently enjoyed his society—as frequently, that is to say, as a young and struggling physician could afford the time.

About a year after his leaving college he met, wooed and married Lillian Cloudeley, a very charming girl, closely related to me, and who was as dear to me as a sister, so that our bonds of friendship became, if possible, more closely drawn than ever. It was some three years after his marriage that I received a strange letter from him. He had, through the death of a relative, come into a considerable fortune, and he now wrote to tell me that he had recently purchased a place in Yorkshire, called "Moorlands," from which he dated his letter, and begged me in somewhat exaggerated terms, as I thought, to come down and spend a few days with him, if I could not spare more. There was, I seemed to obtain, running through his letter something of the strained and unkindly usual style of correspondence, and his invitation savored of actual entreaty, as though my acceptance was almost a matter of necessity to him.

My practice at that time was not so large but that a few days might easily be spared, and I wrote to him accordingly, naming the day and hour of my arrival.

On my stepping off the train at the little station some four miles from "Moorlands," the first person I saw was Jack Hargreaves, anxiously scanning the passengers, and the air with which he greeted me had in it, to my eye, something of relief. He was in excellent spirits, almost boisterously so, and had never appeared in better health in his life, so that an idea I had formed that he had asked me down to consult me professionally was almost dissipated.

I may pause here a moment to describe him. He was what you would call a fine-looking man, not strictly handsome, but with a charming open countenance; six feet in his stockings, fair, clean-shaven, with the exception of a long yellow moustache, clean-lined, carrying himself like a soldier, and with gentlemanly written on every inch of him.

He had come down himself, he said, to meet me, not caring to trust me to the tender mercies of his coachman over Yorkshire roads, and certainly I should have been loth, had I not been aware of his reputation as the best whip of his day at Oxford, to trust myself in the vehicle which he had brought for my transportation—an abnormally high dogcart, with a pair of fiery-looking chestnuts, harnessed tan-

dem. However, conquering any little qualms of nervousness I felt, and devoutly hoping that the frightful hills I saw in the distance were not on the road to "Moorlands," I mounted, and we rolled off.

We had not proceeded more than half the distance, when my companion, who had at first been extremely talkative, relapsed into silence, and seemed to be meditating deeply.

"What's the matter with you, Jack?" I asked. "For the last quarter of an hour you have been talking thirteen to the dozen, and now you haven't a word to throw to a dog."

He replied with another question: "Did you notice anything strange about my letter, Billy?"

"Nothing particular," I answered, "except that you seemed unnecessarily anxious and rather ceremonious in your invitation, and that there were rather more blunders than usual in the spelling. But seriously, Jack, is anything the matter?"

"There is," he commenced, and stopped. "Never mind about it now, Billy; you shall have it all in the smoking-room, after dinner. See! There is 'Moorlands,'" and he pointed with his whip to a large gray stone building, half house, half castle, which lay half screened by trees in a valley, while around it and towards it the purple moors from which it doubtless took its name, sloped downwards.

"So that is 'Moorlands'?" I congratulated you on its picturesqueness. By the way, who was the former tenant?"

"It has been in the market a long time," he replied. "It has not been inhabited for ten years. The last tenant, or rather owner, a man named Beverley, murdered his only son there, a strange thing, too, for he was said to be uncommonly fond of him, and then killed himself, and the heirs have never yet, for some reason or other, been able to dispose of it, until I happened to hear of it. I got it at quite a bargain. There are queer stories about it in the neighborhood. But here we are," and crossing an old stone bridge and turning through the heavy, massive gates, we drove up to the hall-door, where Lillian, with her two-year-old boy in her arms, was waiting to welcome me.

Whatever care might be weighing on her husband's mind it was evident that she had no share in it. There was no sign of trouble in those clear-shining eyes, no print of care on that low, broad forehead.

She greeted me like a sister—in early life we had been much thrown together—and young Master John was exhibited, and I was called upon to admire the progress he had made since last I saw him. His father was evidently very proud of him, and from the looks of affection he bestowed on his wife and child it was plain that his heart was bound up in them. And Lillian—she had eyes for no one but him, and in their pure depths shone love unalterable when she looked upon him. "Here at any rate," I said to myself, "is a thoroughly happy and loving couple."

The points and proficiency of the son and heir having been duly admired, I was taken on a tour of inspection. The house, or castle, whichever you might call it, had been thoroughly renovated, but the old furniture and tapestries had been retained, and the modern appointments had been made to conform as much as possible to the general style of the whole.

Of all the rooms through which we passed the one which took my fancy most was the smoking-room, or "study," as Jack preferred to call it; his own private sanctum. It was situated in the western tower, the oldest part of the building, was lit by small mullioned windows, and a large pane of glass admitted light from the stairway leading to several rooms above, one of which had been assigned to me. It was a paradise of a smoking-room, with soft rugs, inviting chairs, and a roaring fire in the open hearth.

"And this," I said to myself, "is where we are to have our confidences to-night? So be it."

And so it was, for after Lillian had retired for the night it was here that Jack and I found ourselves, with a glass of grog apiece and a couple of priceless Havanas between our lips, prepared to give and receive confidences.

"And now, Jack," I said, "when you have done twirling that moustache that Lillian and you are so proud of, and scowling at the fire, will you tell me what it was that induced you to write me that urgent letter, and, in short, what is the matter?"

"It is hard to tell you exactly, Billy," he answered, "what is the matter. I have had strange feelings lately—premonitions—I don't know what you would call them—something indefinite weighing on my spirits, and when I sit here of an evening I cannot fix my attention on anything. I have a feeling as though there were something unnatural, uncanny, in the room with me, which I cannot see but which is watching me. I see you laugh—you think I am growing nervous. You were further from the mark in your life. My nerves are as steady as yours, and out of this part of the house it does not affect me. It is in this room particularly that I am aware of it."

"Then why not close the room?"

"Because I suppose I am too proud to give in. I want to investigate it, to have your opinion. I should feel myself to be a poor sort of creature if I closed up such a room as this merely because I fancied that old Beverley's ghost haunted it."

"So it is Mr. Beverley you suspect?" I asked. "Is this room, by any chance, the one in which the murder you spoke of was committed?"

"It is," he replied. "Look here," and, lifting up a corner of the rug, he pointed to a dark discoloration of the

planks. "That is his blood, they say."

"How long is it since this affair happened?"

"Ten years to-morrow night. To tell you the truth straight out, that is the reason that I so particularly wished you to come. They say in the neighborhood that something is seen on the anniversary of that night, though what it is nobody seems exactly to know, and I wished for some companion, to test the truth of the rumor, and whom should I choose but you, my old friend?"

"Your old friend is infinitely obliged to you for such a mark of consideration," I replied. "But in spite of the compliment you paid my nerves just now, I doubt whether I have any great desire to make Mr. Beverley's acquaintance. But seriously, Jack, don't give way to this morbid feeling. If you do you will find yourself unable to live in the house, and your health will suffer. I will sit up with you with the greatest pleasure, but as for any expectation of seeing anything, I have none. You had much better let me prescribe for you."

Jack once more indignantly disclaimed any such necessity, and, picking up a magazine, was soon deep in its contents. I busied myself with the newspaper, and, having met with an article that interested me, had been reading for some little time, when, happening to glance at my friend, I saw that he had laid down his book and was looking uncomfortably about him.

"Billy," he said suddenly, "it is in the room. I feel it."

There was something very unpleasant about his announcement, and though I do not think that I could be called at all a nervous sort of person, I felt a decided cold thrill run through me.

"Where?" I asked, with an attempt at a laugh.

"I feel the presence most distinctly, more distinctly than at any previous time. It seems as though it, whatever it may be, were watching me from that corner," and he pointed to some old tapestry, worked in uncouth figures, which adorned one side of the room.

I glanced towards the point indicated. There was something there—something vague, shadowy, indistinct, something like a human figure. I sprang up, and as I did so it disappeared, but not before I had caught sight of a countenance so fell, so diabolical, so utterly surpassing anything I had ever conceived, that I felt sick with downright terror. I mastered my emotions with a strong effort, but I felt that I was white to the lips.

"What is the matter?" said Jack, starting up.

"Nothing," I replied. "Nothing—only you frightened me by your abruptness, and I fancied that I saw something. But it was only a shadow."

"You are more easily scared than I expected," he said, so that I thought myself, when common sense once more resumed her throne and I was able to think quietly over the matter. What more probable than that the phantom which had appeared to me, as I thought, had been conjured up by an excited imagination. I had doubtless been startled by Jack's sudden announcement that he was conscious of a supernatural presence in the room. His abruptness had frightened me, and it was most probable that fancy had woven out of nothing that fleeting vision, that horrible countenance, that shadowy, indistinct figure. I was ashamed, surprised, at my weakness, and so determined to reassure myself of its unreality that I ridiculed my absurdity to Jack, though with half-hearted merriment.

It was his turn now to assume the mentor, and he counselled me with much wisdom about diseased imaginations. In much the same words as I had addressed to him. By the time his homily was finished it was time to retire, and I went to bed in a very divided frame of mind.

It was long before I fell asleep, and when I did so at length I was constantly awakening, with that horrible vision, as it were, in my eye-balls. It required vast amount of reasoning to assure myself of the absurdity of my fears.

The morning dawned bright and fair, and with it the terrors of the night departed. After breakfast Jack and I sallied forth, bent on the destruction of such unwary partridges as might chance in our way. I have been reckoned a pretty fair shot—in fact, it is only field sport to which I have any leaning—but to-day I shot wide and wild, although unconscious of any particular sense of nervousness. Nevertheless, it was evident that my nerves had received a pretty severe strain, nor did Jack fail to remark it. He chaffed me about it unmercifully, and indeed the fright I had exhibited the previous night appeared to have raised his spirits in a proportionate degree.

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People Quit Coffee and Get Well on Postum Food Coffee.

A man in Milford, Ind., says he did not quit drinking coffee because he thought it hurt him, but because he found a morning beverage he liked better in Postum Food Coffee, but to his wonder and surprise, he found in a few weeks all of the old symptoms of sickness had left him.

He had been greatly troubled with his stomach and heart; also with what is called "water brash," and dull headaches "which made me very irritable and quick-tempered."

All of these symptoms disappeared, and he discovered, in spite of all his previous theories, that coffee was really the cause of his troubles, and the leaving off of coffee and taking on Postum Food Coffee brought about a perfect cure.

He speaks also of Mrs. Josephine Kelly, living at Elkhart, Ind. Says she was afflicted much as he was, but had become more emaciated than he. So she quit drinking coffee and took on Postum Food Coffee. She is now a healthy and robust lady, and willing to make affidavit that Postum Food Coffee saved her.

The gentleman from Milford speaks also of Thomas McDonald as having recovered by using Postum. It can be had at all grocers. A good cup of Postum cannot be made unless it is boiled long enough to bring out the flavor and food value; then it is delicious.

gree. There were no fits of deep meditation, no heavy lolls; his brow was clear, he was all jollity and laughter. Poor fellow! It was late when we returned home with a heavy bag, due mostly to Jack's unerring aim.

Lillian was awaiting us at the hall-door, and Jack, bounding up the steps and kissing his wife with an exuberance of affection, related to her my sad falling off as a sportsman, with many a jest at my expense, though of the real reason he breathed no word—in fact, it seemed to weigh with him not a featherweight. I observed that Lillian, although she returned her husband's embrace with equal ardor, and entered into his mood, abetting him in his badinage, did not seem to be in her usual happy and serene state of mind; her jests were somewhat forced; she seemed to me to be hiding some care with an effort, though her husband appeared at the time to notice nothing unusual in her manner. As he turned away to carry the results of our day's sport to the larder and to receive the encomiums of the cook, she and I were left together.

"Billy," she said, "do you believe in presentiments? There seems to be some cloud over me to-day, as though some trouble were coming upon us. I have been terribly anxious about you all day, fearing that some accident had befallen one of you. It was a great relief to me when you returned, and I felt foolish, but I cannot shake it off."

"You are as bad as your husband," I was about to say, but I forbore. It was apparent that he had not confided to her the facts which in last night's convalescence had imparted to her; and I had no wish to enlighten her, so I turned it off with a laugh and a jest about nerves.

While I was dressing for dinner Jack entered my room, for the ostensible purpose of borrowing a tie, and, as he stood folding it before the glass, he asked me: "Is anything the matter with Lillian? She is not herself; she has been hinting something about presentiments. I hope to heaven she is not going to suffer from my complaint, or we shall be obliged to close up the house. I wonder what there is in the atmosphere of this place that affects us—first me, then you last night, and now Lillian."

"Her presentiment," I replied, "was, I fancy, chiefly on your account—fear lest I should mistake you for a partridge—and now that you have returned with a whole skin it will vanish; but from the unflattering reports you have given of my skill, don't be surprised if it returns to-morrow."

"I wish I could think so," he replied, "but I hold to my opinion, there is something unwholesome to the mind in this place and I almost wish that we were out of it, that I could discover something definite which would give me an excuse for shutting it up or selling it."

"That," said I, "with luck we shall do to-night. If we are to discover anything, to-night, according to all reports, should be the time."

Little did I then think how my jesting words were to be realized.

Dinner was a rather sad affair. In spite of our light treatment of the matter, both Jack and I began to feel our spirits grow less buoyant as the night grew darker, and Lillian was still noticeably depressed. It is one thing to laugh and jest about such a matter in the broad light of day, but the prospect before us of a preconcerted investigation into the truth, coupled with Jack's previous unaccountable sensations and my alarming experience, fanciful as it may have been, was quite another sort of thing, and we both felt the effects as time drew on. Dinner over, and Lillian having left us to our wine, Jack opened the subject.

"Do you know, Billy," he began, "I begin to feel most confoundedly nervous about this business to-night. I only half fancy the idea of sitting waiting for a ghost to appear, and if he should come, which, of course, is rather unlikely, what are we to do then? We can't catch him; we can only sit and stare at him. Upon my soul I have half a mind to back out of it. If it wasn't that I should feel myself ever after a most credulous and impressionable ass, I would do so."

"Back out, by all means," I said. "I will help you in that with pleasure," for the vision I had fancied last night was beginning to return to me with remarkable distinctness, and I think I had even less relish for the job in hand than Jack; but my words had the opposite effect to what I had intended, and strengthened his wavering resolution.

So it was settled, and we adjourned to the smoking-room, where we found Lillian seated before the fire, with some needle-work lying neglected in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the coals. She started violently at our entrance.

"You are nervous to-night, Lillian," said Jack.

"I think I must be," she replied, but said no more, and presently she challenged her husband to a game of chess, an amusement of which they were both extremely fond.

I stood before the fire a short time and watched them, wholly engrossed with their game.

"What a handsome, what a perfectly matched pair!" I said to myself; and once when, with a light laugh, she corrected one of his moves and smiled up in his face, I caught the quiet look of devotion, given and received. They might have been lovers. I watched them for a few minutes, and then left the room, to search for a book which I had mislaid. As I passed up the stairs the old clock struck ten.

"Two hours yet to midnight," I said, "and then for Mr. Beverley."

I was long in discovering the object of my search, and I returned downstairs to the room in which I had left my friends. I think I have mentioned before that the chamber was partially lighted from the staircase by a large pane of glass. Across this window a heavy curtain usually hung in the evening, but on that night it was withdrawn, and the interior of the room was visible to anyone ascending or descending the stairs.

I paused on my way down and looked through this window, and never to my dying day shall I forget the sight I saw or the scene which ensued.

with one hand shading his eyes. But what was that third figure?—faint, intangible, in dark robes of vapor, with the horrible face and the twisting, writhing hands? Close behind Hargreaves it stood, and seemed almost to envelope him in its misty garments, and its eyes were fixed on the unconscious Lillian, with a hideous malignity.



nity, an awful, gloating cruelty, in its gaze. The cry I would have uttered was frozen on my lips. Suddenly the figure vanished; where it had stood was empty air.

As I stood and gazed, panic-stricken, Hargreaves raised his head and his wife looked up at him. And then a cry found utterance, followed by a scream—ear-piercing, agonizing, resonant with error—from the unfortunate girl, as she sprang to her feet and gazed upon her husband with starting eyes. Her husband! Was that thing her husband? His features, livid and distorted, bore a horrible resemblance to the phantom which had stood at his back, and in his eyes gleamed the same frightful expression which the demon had worn.

For a few seconds they looked on one another, she in terror and he in utter abandonment of cruelty; and then, quick as thought, he snatched from the wall an Afghan dagger and rushed upon her. Again that awful scream rang out, and I, dashing the window to shivers with my foot, and scarce conscious of my actions, sprang into the room.

Alas! Alas! Too late! Ere I could raise myself from the floor the fatal blow had fallen.

Then, like a tiger which has tasted blood, the fiend turned upon me, and found myself locked in a deadly grapple.

I was naturally a far stronger man than Hargreaves, and my muscles, from a long course of training, were at their best. My left hand had instinctively clutched the hand which held the knife, and so, knee to knee, we struggled desperately. Oh, it was horrible! To know that from those fierce eyes which glared into mine the devil which had entered into him was looking forth; that the limbs, which now possessed a strength colossal, were animated by that hellish influence! What chance had I in such a contest, struggling though I was for life? Slowly but surely I was forced back—back—and I felt that my hold of his hand was falling. At length with a sudden effort he released it; I saw the bright steel flash in the lamplight, and gave myself up. But even as the dagger hung poised in the air, the door was burst open and the men-servants of the establishment appeared on the threshold. For a second he glared at them in baffled rage and spite, and then the dagger was turned against his own breast, and he fell across me a corpse—the best, the truest friend I ever had!—and from his broad breast ran a dark stream, renewing that stain upon the floor which he had shown to me, the evidence of that ten-year-old tragedy.

How often in the past, I wondered, had that foul spirit hovered round the living, gloating over his prey and waiting for the fatal day when he might wreak his will upon them. Poor Jack! honest, upright and gentle all his days, and murderer and suicide at the last.

There was an inquest, of course. My evidence was soon given. I testified to having seen him but a few minutes before the tragedy, in full possession of his senses, and to having witnessed the sudden turn of madness spring up. The verdict, a unanimous one, was, as is usual in such cases, that of "temporary insanity." I remained to pay the last tribute of respect to the dead, and then returned to town broken in health and spirits, without having

mentioned to anyone the vision which I had seen. What purpose would it have served? I should have been laughed at and suspected of insanity myself. You are the first person to whom my tale has been told, and now that you have heard it you can guess my theory.

"Well, doctor," I said, "as regards your theory, I am neither disposed to accept nor refute it, and considering that I should have been at home an hour ago, I cannot stop to argue on it." And so I took my leave, much surprised at the doctor's story, and strongly inclined to suspect him of an unusually exuberant imagination.

If thou art a master be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf.

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85 KING ST. W., TORONTO.

mentioned to anyone the vision which I had seen. What purpose would it have served? I should have been laughed at and suspected of insanity myself. You are the first person to whom my tale has been told, and now that you have heard it you can guess my theory.

"Well, doctor," I said, "as regards your theory, I am neither disposed to accept nor refute it, and considering that I should have been at home an hour ago, I cannot stop to argue on it." And so I took my leave, much surprised at the doctor's story, and strongly inclined to suspect him of an unusually exuberant imagination.

If thou art a master be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf.

Hunyadi János

IS THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER KNOWN.

One Thousand prominent physicians have testified to this fact. Read what Professor Picot of Bordeaux, France (Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University) writes: "Hunyadi János is indisputably the best of laxatives, it is admirably tolerated by the stomach, it acts without giving rise to intestinal irritation, and it, therefore, deserves its universal popularity."

Nature's Remedy for the cure of

CONSTIPATION,

Disordered Stomach, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

ASK For the Full Name, "HUNYADI-JANOS" on bottle in BLUE with RED Centre Panel

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"Baby's Own Soap"

"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP"—wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice. Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs., Montreal.

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567 SHERBOURNE ST.

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CALL OR WRITE FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS. CONSULTATION FREE.

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A. E. AMES (Members Toronto Stock Exchange).
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Strengthened by properly adjusted Glasses.

Have your eyes tested by—
P. S. BLACHFORD
Refraction Optician
114 YONGE STREET
(Over Blachford's Shoe Store)

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Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of
Wm. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Look to Your Feet

See they are comfortably shod with a pair of our cool ties for hot w.a. hor. \$2 up

H. & C. Blachford, 114 Yonge St.

Curious Bits of News.

A mule in a California pack-train which was usually loaded with salt discovered that by lying down when fording a certain stream and allowing the salt to dissolve he could lighten his burden. The muleteer loaded him next time with sponges instead, which absorbed water when he lay down in the stream and made his burden fourfold heavier. The mule was cured of his smartness.

A pine tree and a birch tree have grown so close together in Woolwich, Me., that one trunk serves for both, sending forth pine branches on one side and birch on the other. The union seems a happy one, in spite of the fact that the two trees are as widely separated by the botanists as two well can be, and the gnarled branches of the pine embrace the birch in a most affectionate manner.

M. Coupin, a French naturalist, read an essay in London recently on bird songs. He has added to it some interesting details of birds which imitate songs other than their own. He gives an instance of a sparrow which was hung in a cage side by side with another cage in which were grasshoppers. No notice was taken by the sparrow of his neighbors, but next year, when he was in the same society, he essayed the grasshopper's note, and for the rest of his life never quite lost the art of it. M. Coupin also mentioned the instance of young larks which will sometimes learn the song of a nightingale.

An Indianapolis correspondent of the "Electrical World and Engineer" calls attention to the part played by the telephone in a recent divorce case at Noblesville, Ind. A Mrs. Nagle brought suit for divorce. On the day appointed for the trial her attorney, Mr. Fippen, could not attend, and called up the Noblesville judge and explained the circumstances, suggesting that the case be tried by telephone. The judge consented, the witnesses were sworn, and in answer to questions asked them by Mr. Fippen, thirty miles away, submitted their testimony to the judge, after which Mr. Fippen delivered his argument, talking into the judge's ear by telephone. The divorce was granted.

Macaroni has begun to be manufactured in large quantities in the United States, and, in consequence, a demand is being made upon the Department of Agriculture for "macaroni wheat"—a variety of wheat that has an unusually large percentage of gluten, rendering it suitable for conversion into this particular kind of farinaceous paste. A few years ago considerable first-rate macaroni wheat was raised in Texas, but the farmers in that part of the country gave it up, because the grain kernels were so hard as to resist milling with the appliances then available. With the improved apparatus now employed the difficulty is done away with, and the lack of seed of the cereal formerly condemned as useless is deeply regretted.

The Field Columbian Museum in Chicago possesses some of the bones of a gigantic dinosaur, which apparently exceeded in size the famous atlantosaurs, heretofore regarded as the largest land animal known ever to have inhabited the earth. Professor Marsh thought that the atlantosaurs might have attained a length of 80 feet, and have been more than 30 feet in height. The as yet unnamed monster whose bones have recently been measured in Chicago, and which, like the atlantosaurs, dwelt in the Rocky Mountain region, had a thigh-bone six feet and eight inches in length. The bone of its upper arm, the humerus, is even larger than the thigh-bone, exceeding by 23 inches the largest humerus hitherto known to science. Prof. Elmer S. Riggs remarks that the extraordinary length of the humerus suggests that the proportions. In that case, its height must have been truly gigantic.

Epigrams in Recent Fiction.

"I always pray that I may never outlive my illusions or my front teeth, though all else may fall me."

"Admiration is like porridge—awfully stodgy, but you get hungry again almost as soon as you've eaten it."

"A good nose is an abiding resting-place for vanity. You know that it will outlast your time and that age cannot

Food For Memory.

The Kind That Builds Up the Brain.

It is hard to believe that certain kinds of food will strengthen the memory, and yet, upon the condition of the brain depends the character of the mind, and its power to remember, and to exert itself in various ways, and a healthy brain can only be maintained by well selected food.

Now we know that daily use of the brain uses up certain parts that are thrown out through the pores to the outer surface of the skin. This waste is natural, and must be made up from food.

Grape-Nuts Food was made especially to rebuild the brain and nerve centers. An experience in Chicago will illustrate:

Mrs. G. H. Baber, 528 South Paulina street, writes: "I had a terrible siege of gastritis, my stomach refused everything in the way of food until I got hold of Grape-Nuts. It was perfectly wonderful and marvelous to see the difference; I began to improve at once. I weighed myself about that time and found that I had 118 pounds to my credit. I gained in weight, strength and health steadily and rapidly, and now weigh 160 pounds, and am strong and in better health than ever in my life."

"I have lately had a seven months' course of vocal instruction, and have memorized 58 songs and most of the accompaniments, besides several piano pieces. When I started in it seemed difficult to memorize one, but my memory has been growing better every day, and I now find it easy to commit to memory without difficulty."

"I have taken no medicine, but my steady diet of Grape-Nuts Food has given me strength, health and memory."

Summer Heat More Deadly Than Cold Winter's Blasts.

Exhausting and Debilitating Hot Weather Brings Nervous Exhaustion, Prostration and Heart Failure.

Recent Sudden Changes Causing an Alarming Amount of Sickness.

In this northern country it has been customary to think of the winter as the season of serious sickness and untimely deaths, whereas facts go to show that summer is the time when most people suddenly drop off victims of nervous exhaustion, physical weakness, heart failure or some equally dreaded disease which results from low vitality. If the lungs are healthy most people can stand the bracing and exhilarating cold weather, but the withering heat of summer causes loss of flesh, brings feelings of fatigue and weakens and debilitates the body generally.

It is possible to guard against the exhausting effects of summer heat by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food regularly after each meal, for it is a preventive as well as a cure for nervous diseases and all ailments which arise from thin, watery blood and a failure of the digestive system to supply proper nourishment to the organs of the body. It forms new, red corpuscles in the blood, creates new nerve force, makes the muscles strong and tissues healthy and firm.

For women suffering from weakness and irregularities peculiar to their sex, this great food cure is marvelously effective. For every form of weakness and physical decline it is a restorative of incomparable value. Instead of stimulating the heart to unnatural action or deadening the nerves, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food gradually and certainly enriches the blood, restores the nerves and produces permanently beneficial results to the whole system. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

with nor custom stale its satisfactory proportions."

"The quality of mercy should not be measured out by teaspoonsful in a medicine glass, but should be sent round in a watering cart by the county council."

"They've no sense, men haven't. The very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs, and they fancy that they are a-wrestling with their doubts when really it is their dinners that are a-wrestling with them."

"It is the duty of all women to look happy—the married ones to show that they don't wish they weren't married and the unmarried ones to show that they don't wish they were."

Books and Their Makers.

A New Canadian Humorist—History of Methodism—Dr. O'Hagan's Essays.—"Pete" McArthur's Poems.—Notes and News.

ONE of the very cleverest and most amusing stories that appeared in "Scribner's Magazine" last year was "The Green Pigs," by Sydney Herman Preston, and one of the best pieces of pure humor amongst books of the current publishing season is "The Abandoned Farmer," by the same author (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, and Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company). Mr. Preston is a Canadian by adoption if not by birth, and, moreover, he is to all intents and purposes a Torontonian—living, we understand, in a small suburban village, and having been for many years identified with the music-teaching profession in the city. The Abandoned Farmer makes no pretense of being a novel in the ordinary acceptance of the term. It is composed of fifteen brief, loosely-connected chapters on the humors of amateur farming as experienced by a rather hen-pecked city man, his somewhat opinionated wife and their spoiled cry-baby of a boy, for the sake of whose precious health they had betaken themselves to the country. The Abandoned Farmer is a book to pick up for an hour. It can easily be disposed of at one or two sittings. As a sample of its general style, loosely-connected chapters on the humors of amateur farming as experienced by a rather hen-pecked city man, his somewhat opinionated wife and their spoiled cry-baby of a boy, for the sake of whose precious health they had betaken themselves to the country. The Abandoned Farmer is a book to pick up for an hour. It can easily be disposed of at one or two sittings. As a sample of its general style, loosely-connected chapters on the humors of amateur farming as experienced by a rather hen-pecked city man, his somewhat opinionated wife and their spoiled cry-baby of a boy, for the sake of whose precious health they had betaken themselves to the country. The Abandoned Farmer is a book to pick up for an hour. It can easily be disposed of at one or two sittings. As a sample of its general style, loosely-connected chapters on the humors of amateur farming as experienced by a rather hen-pecked city man, his somewhat opinionated wife and their spoiled cry-baby of a boy, for the sake of whose precious health they had betaken themselves to the country.

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Agony Deferred.



Ruyter Ofawfurot (the noted author)—I have written a volume of poems that will not be published until after my death.

Cutting Witt (the well-known critic)—Here's to a long life for Ruyter Ofawfurot.

LUDELLA

...CEYLON TEA...

No other is used so much;

or so little of it goes so far.

Lead Packages

25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents

have bought a—a—ha, ha, ha!"

"Have bought what?" I cried, in exasperation.

"He stopped laughing and looked up and down the road, then leaned over the edge of the wagon-seat, with his whip-hand shielding one side of his mouth. I hung breathless on his words."

"A—cow—calf," he whispered.

The Illustrated History of Methodism is the title of a bulky volume of 759 pages, recently published by the Methodist Magazine Publishing Company, St. Louis and New York, and by the Methodist Book Room, Toronto. It purports to be the story of the origin and progress of the Methodist Church from its foundation to the present day, and is written in popular style and illustrated by more than one thousand portraits and views of persons and places identified with the rise and development of Methodism. A separate chapter is devoted to Canadian Methodism. Some of the views of Canadian towns and cities incorporated in this section of the book are of the vintage of fifty years ago, and would give the impression that Canada is still a backwoods country, chiefly devoted to bush-whacking and such primitive manufacturing as the boiling of maple sugar. The portrait of John Wesley used as a frontispiece to the book is nothing short of an outrage upon the founder of Methodism. Gratitude alone ought to have caused the editors and publishers to halt before giving to hitherto unprejudiced readers such a conception of the great religious leader as this alleged portrait conveys.

Peter McArthur has recently issued a dainty little booklet of serious verse which his many friends and admirers in Canada will be pleased to have. The booklet goes out into the big world with the modest and non-committal title of "Lines." The poems are mainly in the sonnet form, and deal with such subjects as Faith, Life, Reticence, Duty, Dreams, Courage, Aspiration, Silence, Growth. One of the most charming bits of verse in the little volume is the following:

THE BRIDE.

Ho, windy gossips, in your ear!
When morning threw the casement wide,
The glided sun, with eager face,
Stole in and kissed the waking bride!

And, while she blushed, a bobolink,
That all he sees in music tells,
Rang out the tidings to the world
With tinkling chimes of elfin bells.

She rose and donned her rich attire,
The yearning bridegroom led her down,
And she was welded to the church
Before the jostling, gaping town.

But, think you that the staid priest,
With studied pomp and sacred rite,
Hath wholly bound to one of earth
This bride of the adoring light?

The grace of the elusive streams
Is in that form his vows would bind,
For she has roamed the summer world,
A free-foot follower of the wind.

And though you choired the husband's joy,
And mellow chimes have pulsed it wide,
The birds are singing to the flowers,
That she was trothed another bride.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, one of Canada's most persistent publicists, is again to the fore with a book which he calls "Canadian Essays." We had been in doubt as to the reason for gathering these already published papers into book form, but Dr. O'Hagan assures the public in his preface that his purpose is "the promotion of a wider and better acquaintance on the part of Canadians with the historical and intellectual development of their own country." The subjects upon which the doctor undertakes to enlighten us are: Canadian Poets and Poetry; Canadian Women Writers; French-Canadian Life and Literature; The Old Mission Church at Tadoussac; The True Story of the Acadian Deportation; In the Land of the Jesuit Martyrs; The Pioneer Bishop of Ontario; The Catholic Church in Ontario.

The Copp, Clark Company's illustrated catalogue of recent books is a neat and attractive pamphlet of forty pages, which all book-lovers will be glad to have at hand. It is an excel-

lent "guide" to consult before laying in one's stock of summer fiction for Muskoka, the Georgian Bay islands or the seashore.

J. M. Barrie and his wife are coming to America for a short visit in the autumn. They will witness the first performance of Mr. Barrie's play at Washington, but will not stay long enough to see it in New York.

Jules Verne, who has been painfully ill at his house in Amiens, has entirely recovered and is busy with a new novel. Another book he finished some time ago, and this will soon be brought out. It is called "The Grande Forêt," and in it, the author says, he has tried to reconstitute the missing link, or rather the "intermediary race between the most perfect specimen of the ape and the lowest type of man." M. Verne also says that he has treated the subject in a more copious and more fanciful way than Dr. Garner. At the same time the novelist disclaims the conclusions of Darwin, whose opinions he does not share.

Agnes C. Laut, whose first novel, "Lords of the North," recently published, has already passed into a fourth edition, is at present engaged on a new story of contemporary life and conditions in Canada, which her publisher, William Briggs, will bring out as soon as completed. Her first book, just mentioned, has been chosen by Heinemann of London for the first volume in a new series of American novels, which will also include stories by D. D. Wells, E. Hough and Hamlin Garland.

"Oh, my dear daughter, you should not be frightened and run from the goat. Don't you know you are a Christian Scientist?" "But, mamma," excitedly exclaimed the little girl of six, "the billygoat doesn't know it!" "What to Eat."

"Doom Castle"

Paper, 75c. Cloth, \$1.25.

Neil Munro's new novel, "Doom Castle," has just been published.

This delightful Old Scotch Castle was haunted, yet not forbidding enough to keep away a very modern knight who went to woo a lady within its walls.

"It was those eyes—the eyes of the woman born by seas unchanging yet never the same; unfathomable, yet always inviting to the guess, the passionate surmise—that told him first, here was a maiden made for love."

N.B.—"Pages of Pleasure," our latest Book-Catalogue, will be given away by all Bookellers for the asking. The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Publishers, Toronto.

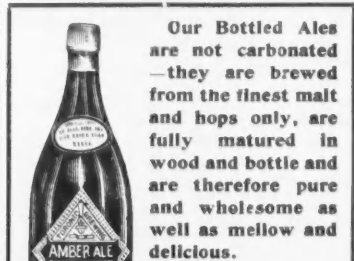


LORDS of the NORTH

by
A. C. LAUT

"The sweetest love story we have ever read. A better book than either 'Janice Meredith' or 'Richard Carvel'."

"A story of love, adventure, and chivalry never surpassed by any American novel."



Our Bottled Ales are not carbonated—they are brewed from the finest malt and hops only, are fully matured in wood and bottle and are therefore pure and wholesome as well as mellow and delicious.

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EDMUND M. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE falling out between the Canadian Lacrosse Association and the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union is regrettable in a way, and yet may show the august body that attempts to govern amateur sport, just how weak it is. Just the same, it must be acknowledged that the men the Amateur "Aesthetic" Union tried to discipline were deserving of the worst that could be "handed down" to them. These little annual migrations that some men with lacrosse reputations (this isn't going to be a sonnet) make, may, of course, be merely from the coincidence that the game starts out so near the first of May, but many people who claim to know, think otherwise. It may be all for the love of the game, but it certainly has a distinct odor of filthy lucre. The Young Torontos, in my estimation, did quite right in not risking their amateur standing by competing against professionals.

The world-beaters, otherwise known as the Crescents of Brooklyn, were shown up in proper style last week by the Shamrocks. The symbol of the Turk was eclipsed by the sign that has long stood with the potato and the shillalah to represent Ireland and the police force. After Hugh McConaghy's letter last week, in which he stated that the Crescents would give the Shamrocks "all they wanted," people expected to see the Canadians come home under the protection of the Red Cross, but it is evident that Hugh was referring to goals and not to knocks, or it may be that the Crescents are no longer "knockers."

Our own twelve little Indians need to pull themselves together if they expect to be anywhere in the running this



People we see at our national game.

season. They appear to have all been hitting a pipe apiece (or of peace), and in that case they should go and bury the hatchet and give the Emergency Hospital a chance to do something else than sew up lacrosse enthusiasts. It was a hotly contested game last Saturday between the Tecumseh and the team from up by the reserve, but the braves from Brantford had their war paint on and won out with a good margin from the Tecumsehs, who seem to have had a little sand in their bearings ever since they played up at the ball grounds.

It would be a rather hollow triumph for the "Invader" if she were accepted as the challenger without having first to race the "Canadian" for the honor of trying to bring back the Canada Cup to its native sideboard. At time of going to press it had not yet been decided whether the races would be postponed in order to give the Hamilton boat time to get into racing trim or not, but it is most likely that the time will be granted. Captain Fearnside is a good sportsman, and in the event of a race with his boat the public would be sure that the ultimate winner was the best boat in the class turned out this year in the province. In the meantime, the tuning-up process of the "Invader" can proceed just as well now as it could after the trial races. The "Invader's" crew will probably consist of V. J. Hughes, Charles Lowndes, J. F. McMurray, F. Turner and Skipper Commodore Gooderham.

The manner in which we lost the Canada Cup stands in marked contrast to the way they have captured and defended the Seawanhaka Cup in the Lower Province. This year the St. Lawrence Yacht Club has five boats to select a defender from, and the challenger, Mr. Currie, had three built in order that only the best that could be turned out would represent him in Canada. The "Grey Friar" is the boat picked to meet the defender, and she will be placed on the s.s. "Australasian," which will sail for Montreal on June 27.

The racing men of the Toronto Canoe Club start for Buffalo to-day, where they compete in the American Canoe Association's events in connection with the Pan-Am. The club have a great four this year. They work well together and should give a good account of themselves. The new canoe ordered from Dean travels well, and is a good deal faster than the old boat.

The Varsity baseball team returned home last week after one of the most successful tours ever run by that or-

ganization. They played nine games and succeeded in winning five. The tour was principally in Western Ontario, and the management say that financially and otherwise the tour was all that could be desired.

The Varsity tennis tournament has been in full swing this week, and some splendid tennis is being put up. The courts are in perfect condition, and this no doubt adds to the pleasure of playing as well as to the standard of the play.

THE REFEREE.

Golf.

THE big event of last week was the Toronto-Rosedale match on Saturday afternoon. The players numbered thirty men a side, fifteen from each club playing at each course. Toronto again won from the Rosedale men by a score of 77-51. Of the fifteen Rosedale men who played at the lower club, Mr. Lyon was the only one up, the score for this half of the game standing 50-5. The scores at Rosedale were more even, the teams being more on a footing of equality, the score ending 46-27 in favor of Rosedale. The teams and scores were as follows:

At the Toronto Links.

Toronto—W. A. H. Kerr o, T. D. Law 3, R. C. H. Casels 2, Stewart Gordon 6, A. H. Campbell, jr., 7, F. G. H. Pattison 5, W. H. Hargraves 6, C. A. Masten 10, W. W. Jones 1, C. A. Moss 2, E. W. Phillips 6, H. W. Mickle 1, T. C. Pattison 1, D. R. Wilkie o, J. F. Edgar o; total 50. Rosedale—G. S. Lyon 5, F. C. Hood o, Dudley Dawson o, D. W. Baxter o, T. A. Chisholm o, C. Robin o, A. Wright o, J. Ince o, H. J. Martin o, R. K. Sproule o, A. E. Ferrie o, C. L. Starr o, C. A. Ross o, L. C. Clark o, John Dick o; total 5.

At the Rosedale Links.

Toronto—F. W. Harcourt o, J. Henderson o, G. W. Yarker 3, E. D. Armour o, L. G. McCarthy o, A. D. Heward 9, S. T. Blackwood 6, H. G. Mackenzie o, S. B. Woods 2, T. A. Haultain o, A. M. Stewart o, Hon. W. P. R. Street o, F. O. Cayley o, G. L. Smith o, S. A. Rowbotham 1; total, 27.

Rosedale—F. C. Thompson 8, K. A. Chisholm o, J. Hutchison o, H. McMaster 2, A. E. Hoskins o, G. H. Needler o, W. R. Wadsworth o, A. Crease 3, J. Keith o, F. Capon 5, F. Tofield 12, V. Robin 2, A. L. Langford 7, F. Cochran 7, S. W. Smith o; total, 46.

Mr. Pattison of the Hamilton Club came down to town for the match and added a 5 to the Toronto's score. Mr. G. T. Brown of London was also invited to play with the Toronto Club, but the Toronto Hunt Club vs. London game prevented his taking part in the match here.

A certain amount of criticism has been indulged in over the out-of-town members being brought down for a local match. The absence of Mr. Pattison would have made no material difference in the score, and had Mr. Brown played, the win for Toronto would not have been much greater. The Toronto Club is certainly strong enough to meet Rosedale with its own local players, and several members of the club regret that any outside players of repute were asked to participate on Saturday last.

Mr. Lyon has again seemingly demonstrated his right to the first place in the world of Canadian golf. Mr. Kerr and Mr. Lyon are no doubt the two best exponents of the game in Canada in so far as gentlemen players are concerned. Previous to last Saturday, Mr. Kerr and Mr. Lyon had played three games together, Mr. Lyon winning two by 1 up and the third being halved. On Saturday last the champion again won, by 5 up.

The High Park and Spadina Clubs played on Saturday last at the Morningside links. The teams and scores were as follows:

Spadina—G. Baldwin o, D. L. Fellowes 1, H. Harman o, A. Pepler o, E. Spragg o, C. Walker o, A. Murray o, A. R. Williams o, Dr. Kerr o, F. Robertson o; total 1.

High Park—A. Wood 1, W. C. Chisholm o, W. Martin 1, C. B. Labatt 2, E. H. Baine 2, A. Goode 4, H. E. W. Peterson 10, J. W. Anderson 5, H. Goode 5, P. Dykes 6; total 36.

It will be seen that Mr. Fellowes was the only player up for the Spadina Club. The victory for the Morningside club was rather sweeping.

The Toronto Country and Hunt Club went to London and defeated the home team on Saturday last by 17-12. Following are teams and scores:

Hunt Club—Scott Griffin o, C. F. McInnes o, G. C. Heward 5, A. Cecil Gibson o, W. H. Cawthra 4, J. Calcutt 7, Colonel Young 1, W. H. Bunting o, A. O. Beardmore o; total 17.

London—Geo. T. Brown 3, G. C. Gibbons 6, G. McBeth o, Colonel Peters 1, J. B. Kilgour o, H. Cronyn o, L. McDonald o, F. P. Betts 1, F. Hobbs 1; total 12.

On Monday last at the Rosedale links the ladies of the Ferndale Club were defeated by the home team by 42-29, a majority of 13 holes. The course was in excellent condition, and some good golf was seen. Following are teams and scores:

Ferndale—Miss Masten o, Miss J. Bethune o, Mrs. Bolte o, Mrs. Carrington Smith o, Miss Maud Yarker o, Mrs. Cameron o, Miss Yarker 2, Mrs. Bickford o, Mrs. A. Cameron 7, Mrs. A. Grasset o, Miss Edgar 3, Mrs. T. Scott o, Mrs. G. Boulton o, Miss Small 1, Mrs. Stewart Gordon o, Mrs. H. Cawthra 8, Miss Audrey Smith 6, Miss M. Bethune o, Miss E. Cameron o, Miss H. Cassels 2; total 29.

Rosedale—Mrs. Dick 5, Miss Davidson 8, Miss Butler 2, Miss Lawlor 2, Mrs. Jackson 4, Miss Dick 7, Miss McLean Howard o, Miss Emily Moss 2, Miss Ella Scott o, Miss G. Elmsley 3, Miss Cox o, Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp 4, Miss Crease 1, Miss MacDonell o, Mrs. M. Rae 3, Miss Harriet Scott o, Miss Mackenzie o, Miss B. Boulton o, Miss M. R. Boulton 1, Miss Laing o; total 42.

The open championship of the United States was completed at the Myopia Hunt and Country Club at Hamilton, Mass., on Monday last. Willie Anderson of Pittsfield carried off the honor after a series of the hardest games on record. Anderson and Aleck Smith, who is a brother of the 1899 open champion, came together in the final and tied for 337 for the two rounds. The tie was played off amid intense excitement, and Anderson won by 85 to 86. Mr. A. G. Lockwood, the Boston amateur, made an excellent showing. He completed a round in 82, only 1 more than the best score, which was made by Lawrence Auchterlonie of Glenview. Lockwood's score reduced the amateur record of the course by 5. Miss Genevieve Hecker won the open tournament of the Essex Country Club, defeating Mrs. Pendleton Rogers by 8 up and 6 to go. Miss Hecker has been slated for some time to win the Metropolitan championship again this year. By her recent form, she is distinctly in a class by herself.

The winners of Mrs. Osborne's prizes in the Handicap event at the Country and Hunt Club this week were Mrs. Bolte and Miss McLean Howard.

HAZARD.

How a Craze Was Killed.

During the last year or two, the craze for after-dinner speeches at festive gatherings of well-known authors in London has been a little overdone. So recently the New Vagabonds petitioned their committee for a dinner without speeches, and the evening was a huge success. As a solemn warning to intending speakers, there was printed on the programme the following quotation from a mysterious composite novel, by different members of the club: "I reckon," said the Sorrowful Stranger, as he sadly drew his revolver and eyed the Would-be Orator—"I reckon to wrangle with this yer dinner in peace; and if so be you wants to make a speech, thar'll be a fun'nal to-night, and you'll be the corpse's nearest relation." There were no speeches.



A Civilian's Impressions and Experiences.

WHEN I came out on the big commons in front of the camp, the first thing I thought was that I had stepped into a circus run on the instalment plan; but of course on reflecting I realized that Ringling was anchored safe in Toronto, so I let go of my pocket-book and came back to earth. I would have been safer up in the air, for a yell close to my ear made me aware of the fact that I was in danger. I side-stepped promptly and saved my life.

One of the gallant steeds of our brave defenders had got tired playing war, and started out on a cross-country handicap. At the first buck the rider had shed his carbine, hat and other impedimenta, and then in light marching order proceeded to outflank the whole battalion; he had them cut off from their base of supplies in about two minutes, stormed a couple of kopjes, and made the circuit in 3.10 flat (that is the way he felt, anyway). When he got pulled up a gentleman with a feather in his hat came up and complimented him on his performance, and explained that if he would kindly collect his chattels and take his corner the drill would proceed. By this time I had discovered that the safest place to watch a cavalry corps drill was from a balloon, so being a war correspondent (?) and not an aeronaut, I went over to have a look at the camp.

The most noticeable thing about the place is that every few tents a dinky little wash-basin and a piece of soap are set out very ostentatiously, but if you are of an enquiring turn of mind and have the Herlock Sholmes instinct, you will see that the soap has such a suspiciously dry and hard appearance that one might be led to believe that it was quite unused to aquatics of any kind, and had never been on intimate terms with a water-carrier. Some men have no idea of the fitness of things. In front of one tent I saw one of these aforesaid basins supported by an iron stand which in its prime had been the bottom part of a hot-water tank. It is one of the little ironies of fate that a stand accustomed to supporting water for so long should at the last be obliged to support a thing so guiltless of wet as a regimental wash-basin.

I had been invited by an enthusiastic young friend to come and have dinner with the privates and get an "inside" notion as to how they fared. While they were out to drill I went and had a look at a skilful factory, just to see what I would be expected to eat. Well, I came and I saw; I also conquered—any inclination to partake. When my friend came in I explained that I had to see a man at the hotel in about five minutes, and so would be obliged to "tear" myself away—"business, you know, business!"

This skilful is the most peculiar concoction ever dished up by any amateur Delmonico. Truly it is fearfully and wonderfully made, and the variety of odors obtainable from that one iron pot was wonderful, not to say alarming. A soldier with a slab of bread (which, to all intents and purposes, might be a paving brick) and a canteen tin full of skilful (it looked like the Don after a rain storm), is supposed to be lucky. So he is if he dies the first meal and doesn't have to repeat the ordeal.

After dinner I visited the 2nd Dragoons, and here I saw the "positively greatest collection of broken-down street car horses ever got together near any canvas." There was a pair of blacks right near where I was standing, and these animals looked as if they belonged to the vintage of '76. They seemed to feel that they were of a past generation, some species now extinct, and while getting on the outside of some half-ton of good Government hay, these two mile-stones in the flight of time, these links between this and a bygone century, were apparently swapping lies on how far back they could remember. One had just finished a yarn, and the other (with the grey chin whisker) was going to go him one better when an officer walked up and exclaimed, "How did this team of dray horses get into the lines?" Two privates stepped up and, saluting, said, "Please, sir, them's ours." They belonged to the officer's own company, so he have a huge sigh of regret and moved on, while the old horse with the chin whisker resumed where he had broken off.

In the evening the majority of the boys from the camp come down to the town and proceed to give it a coat of bright vermilion. From about 7 until 9.30 they own the whole village, but at that hour there is a rush to get back for roll call, and in a short time, with the exception of a few officers and privates with "passes," the town is given over to civilians, silence and the "picket," and one is able to get to sleep with nothing more disturbing than the soft crunch of the gravel under the feet of the patrol.

Colonel Rutherford, who a week or so ago returned from Europe, was in town for several days this week, and rumor has it that to him goes the post of Adjutant-General, lately vacated by Colonel Cotton, who succeeds Colonel Foster as Quartermaster-General. Colonel and Mrs. Rutherford, from all one hears of them, would be pleasant additions to the military set at the Capital.

I hear from excellent authority that Captain Graham's successor on the staff of the Governor-General is to be Captain Fielding, one of the most popular of younger men in the service. He has been on the staff at Dublin, and was an immense favorite in Dublin society. He has had several other staff appointments, and has everywhere won laurels. He will be here for the visit of the Duke and Duchess, I imagine, even though Captain Graham, who is on leave, returns for that function.

AMARYLLIS.

What is the marriage rate in these parts?" asked the stranger who was gathering statistics. "The marriage rate," responded the native proudly, "is two dollars for the license and a kiss from the bride. The sheriff gets both, and I'm the sheriff."—Philadelphia "Record."

Notes From the Capital.

THE crowded house that greeted Cissy Loftus when she gave her clever imitations in Ottawa last Thursday night, showed any number of fashionable people still in town—proved, in fact, that the summer exodus had not yet begun. The Grand Opera House was the scene of this social event, and although it does not compare with the pretty little Russell Theater that was, it presented a very smart appearance that evening. The four stage boxes were occupied. The lower one to the left held a party from Government House, Major and Mrs. Maude, Lady Eileen Elliot, and Mr. Arthur Guise. In the opposite box Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Harriss had a large party of guests. There were several suppers after the performance. Cissy Loftus pleased in her imitations, not at all in Undine, and her company was less than mediocre.

The other social event of last week was the regatta of the Ottawa Rowing Club, which took place on Saturday afternoon, and the grand finale of which was a dance in the boat-house that evening. The balconies of the club-house were crowded in the afternoon, and canoes and boats with fair passengers added to the gayness of the scene on the river. Among the ladies who attended the dance in the evening were: Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Paul Wetherbee, Mrs. Roberts Allan, Mrs. Phillips, the Misses Montizambert, Miss Ethel Jones, the Misses Mallock, Misses Clemow, Miss Otelle Fellows, Miss Agnes Davis, Miss Glassmacher, Miss Lily McGee, Miss Kitty White, Miss Mary Clare McCollough, Miss Harriet Stewart, Miss Mary Grey, Miss Lily Murphy, Miss Kavanagh, and some of the men were Mr. Reginald Beckett, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, Mr. Harry Southam, Mr. Cresser, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Ridley, Mr. P. Baskerville, the Messrs. McGee, Mr. E. Taylor, Mr. R. Nichols, Mr. Fred White. Valentine's orchestra was in attendance, and everything was lovely.

On Wednesday of last week there was a bonnet hop at the Ottawa Canoe Club, but it was not quite such a fashionable function as the one at the Rowing Club, perhaps because the Canoe Club gives dances more frequently. The Canoe Club has an immense advantage over the Rowing Club in the matter of situation. Its position at Rockcliffe is an ideal one for a boating club, and the water is clearer of sawdust, and the current less swift than at the Rowing Club. The Canoe Club house stands at the brink of the river, up against the cliff, and is overshadowed by great trees that almost completely hide it from the passers-by on the road above. It is reached from the road above by a stairway over which the trees meet in a delightful archway of green. The balconies of the Canoe Club are always shady, and it is seldom that one does not find a cool breeze blowing over them.

For some days Ottawa has been the scene of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and most of the prominent members of that denomination had one or more clerical gentlemen for guests during the week. One of the most distinguished of these visitors was the guest of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Herridge—Rev. C. W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor"), author of The Sky Pilot, and other novels which were very favorably dealt with by the reviewers during the past few years. Professor Gordon of Halifax, who was at one time in charge of St. Andrew's church, Ottawa, was the guest of Sir Sandford Fleming, so also was Principal Grant of Queen's. Several teas were given for these clerical gentlemen, but the most important of the social functions which brightened the visit was undoubtedly the garden party given by the Presbyterian Ladies' Society of the Church received the guests, and the young ladies of the college played charmingly the role of waitresses in the marquee where refreshments were served. The party lasted from 5 to 8 o'clock p.m.

Dr. Herridge is sailing for Liverpool in the "Tunisian," which leaves Montreal on Saturday. Sir Sandford Fleming goes in the same boat, taking with him his niece, Miss Elsie Smith, his son, Captain Hugh Fleming, and his two grandchildren, Miss Ethel and Master Noel Fleming. Among places which the great exhibition of the year is going on. Sir Sandford is also likely to visit France, for his daughter, Mrs. Exshaw, lives near Bordeaux. Colonel and Mrs. Tilton are other Ottawa people sailing on the "Tunisian," which, judging from the length of the passenger list, seems to be a particularly popular boat.

Miss Nellie Smith, who was married last week to Mr. Edmund Burritt, made a very fresh and fair little bride in a frock of white organdie, smartly trimmed with frills and insertion, and a hat of white tulle and roses. It was an ideal costume for a June bride, and there is no doubt that a hat is more becoming than a veil. Miss Elsie Smith, the bridesmaid, wore blue foulard trimmed with cream guipure. Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Burritt have taken a trip down the Gulf, and will probably spend a few days at Gaspe. They expect to be back in Ottawa about the first of next month, and have ready for them a pretty house in Wilbrod street. Mr. Gordon Smith, the bride's eldest brother, came down from Toronto for the event, and was for several days the guest of his sister, Mrs. Philip Macdonald, who is spending the summer at Britannia Bay.

Mrs. Bacon, wife of Colonel Bacon, who has an official position in connection with the rifle range, was the hostess at a delightful tea in the club-house of the Dominion Rifle Association on one of the pleasant afternoons of last week. The wide balconies of the club-house made a charming place to enjoy tea and ices, and at the same time admire the beautiful view of the Ottawa river and the undulating country on the opposite shore. Among Mrs. Bacon's guests were Colonel and Mrs. Tilton, Colonel and Mrs. Cartwright, Archdeacon Bogart, Miss Bogart, Mrs. Gowan of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Macleod, Colonel and Mrs. Sherwood, Colonel Biggar, Miss Harriet Stewart and Miss Frechette took charge of the tea table. Rockcliffe range is some distance below Rockcliffe Park, and the ride to it in the open electric car is one of the pleasures of the summer in Ottawa. Colonel and Mrs. Cartwright will have quarters in the club-house during the month of July and part of August, for Colonel Cartwright has charge of the School of Musketry which opens at Rockcliffe ranges on July 1st and lasts for six weeks. There will be twelve officers and eighteen non-coms. taking part in the course, and they will pitch their tents in a pretty glade a short distance to the right of the club-house. Those of Ottawa society who are to be in town for the month of July are thinking that it will be very nice to have so charming a hostess as Mrs. Cartwright presiding over afternoon tea parties at Rockcliffe range.

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AMARYLLIS.

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After but ean we and bay scribbl itans, clad cre other p but the Naples ozed o House, was pas though was chi shine on severe that the one cer passed really tobacco, is a Go passing

An Unenthu- siastic Tourist.

BEING THE IMPRES-
SIONS OF DON AND
HIS PARTNER, RHEU,
ON A TRIP TO EGYPT,
PALESTINE AND
ITALY.

III.—Into the Mediterranean.

WHEN the young lady at the next table to us clothed the upper part of her shapely figure in a different shirt waist every day at dinner for a week, it was considered a matter of sufficient importance to become the chief topic of conversation amongst the men as well as the women. Perhaps it was the shape more than the shirt waist that attracted the attention of the men, but it was distinctly the garment which excited the gossip of the women. The proprietor of a large departmental store in a Western city who sat next to me was able to tell us the cost and retail price of each of the stunning waists. In this way we got acquainted, very much as people do who live in a village and have so little in common that they talk much about very small things. Perhaps fortunately for each other, social reserve, wind, wave and circumstances prevent the whole outfit from getting chummy until a voyage is nearly over. Otherwise there would not be a shred of either garment or character left unravelled during the long hours that are left after undine eating and sleeping have been attended to. On the eighth day still another new shirt waist made a mild sensation, and amongst the men bets were made that she would or would not produce still another on the ninth. I forgot what material the jury of eight or ten at our table decided they were all made of, but waist No. 9 was positively different from the other eight in style. In the meantime the young lady's circle of acquaintance grew larger every hour. A girl who must have such large trunks, "regular tanks," so the Cincinnati man put it, and so many shirt waists, were not to be passed over. Betting was about even as to whether she had brought only three-quarters of a dozen or whether there would be a tenth. Those in favor of the larger number won, and the interest was keen as to whether at the captain's dinner, which is the last time the passengers dine on board, she would appear in a still more stunning get-up. The department store man thought that she would have a fresh shirt waist, but that it would be of the same quality as the other ten. He based his opinion on his own dealings that she had bought a dozen at one crack, and probably on a bargain day in New York. She beat him out, however, for at the festivity she had something which entirely outdid all previous attempts, and the ladies regretted to see that any "American" woman would take so much pains to show herself off at sea, where, they all admitted, people should dress plainly. One of the men, however, suggested that a young lady who never got seasick had not so much reason for concealing her good gowns as others might possibly have. The sweet good nature of these suggestions lived up the meal.

The absence of incident and entertaining topics of conversation, illustrated by the shirt waist episode, suggests with what eagerness something of a really sensational character would be welcomed. When I made my first trip from New York to the Mediterranean six or eight years ago, I remember with what delight one of the most celebrated bishops in the United States recalled a Harvard tragedy as we were passing through the Azores. A week of Gulf Stream and gossip had reduced this man of large ideas to dragging into the life of to-day an event which at the time drove one of the best and most intellectual families of Boston into self-exile. Probably some of those who read and are quite middle-aged will remember that one Harvard professor twenty-five or thirty years ago called at the laboratory of another member of the staff to ask for the repayment of some money which had been loaned. An altercation ensued, and the debtor struck his friend with a stick and, unintentionally no doubt, killed him. Instead of confessing the fault of anger, he chopped up the dead man and burned him in his crucible, or furnace, or whatever it was that he used for creating intense heat in his experiments. Of course the disappearance of the professor caused great excitement, but little suspicion fell upon the culprit until the ashman discovered a set of false teeth which were recognized by the dentist as belonging to the man who had disappeared. Ultimately the culprit confessed, and was hanged, and to escape the odium of the crime his family left Boston and settled in the Azores, as being so remote and out of the lines of communication that they would not be heard of any more. However, no passenger ship ever goes through the Azores, I imagine, without the story being told a dozen times, the names mentioned, and the mountain side indicated on which these people, or such of them as still survive, reside. Of course, after nothing more interesting than lectures on pyramids and obelisks, and discussions with regard to shirt waists, this topic was found to be splendidly stimulating on board the "Hohenzollern," and probably of the hundred and sixty-odd cabin passengers few of them will remember anything else about the Azores. All of which goes to show how small the world is and how much safer it is to have one's identity blotted out in a large city than to have one's antecedents and the sins of one's forefathers exaggerated in a small place.

Ten days from New York brings one to Gibraltar, and lying there while a tremendous storm raged in the open sea, a New York Smart Aleck managed to get on to the deck from the official boat, and inside of five minutes introduced himself to everybody in the smoking-room by pointing out that we were lying in the identical spot occupied by the Atlas liner which had gone down while at anchor (some years ago), drowning almost everyone on board—some seven or eight hundred people. A number of nervous men disappeared, and in ten minutes a rumor was prevalent among the cabin passengers that a big ocean liner the day before had tipped over exactly where we lay. Until some of the officers quieted them, pale and expectant faces were bent over the rail expecting to see some of the ghastly corpses of the unfortunates bob up. After twenty-four hours at anchor and great difficulty putting tourists who were bound for Spain off on a tender, we steamed away without taking coal on board or giving the through passengers a chance to go ashore, though this little trip is suggested by the reading of their tickets. At least twenty hours were wasted trying to satisfy the clamors of these people, but they kicked all the same, as no one can kick as do those who expect to get everything they pay for and a little more, no matter whether Providence intervenes or not.

After passing the rocky stretches of the Sardinian coast but getting very little of the traditional Blue Mediterranean weather, on a sunny morning we beheld the city and bay of Naples, atmospherically, picturesquely, indescribably beautiful as seen from the bay. Exiled Neapolitans, speaking of this sunlit, mountain-embowered, city-clad crescent, exclaim, "See Naples and die." Of course other people, speaking of other places, say similar things, but the passengers on the "Hohenzollern" were glad to see Naples and gloried in being alive. Some of this glory oozed out after they had waited for hours in the Custom House, as many of them had to do while their baggage was passed; but custom houses are kill-joys at the best, and though this stone structure is by no means the worst, it was chilling and damp after the bright and brilliant sunshine outside of it. The methods employed are much less severe than those in vogue in New York, and excepting that the baggage from all the ships must be taken to the one central place by small boats or lighters and there passed by a force of inspectors much too small, there was really but little to complain of. The chief search is for tobacco, the importation, manufacture and sale of which is a Government monopoly. The procession is slow in passing in and out, but no one accustomed to the swift

ways of the West has a right to expect anything else in countries where the tide of business flows so slowly.

Naples is always, and from every point of view, interesting, on account of its situation, its history and the picturesquely costumed natives. To foreigners perhaps it is most exciting because of its pickpockets, one-horse hacks and garrulous hack-drivers, who gallop their ponies with surprising recklessness over crowded and roughly cobblestoned streets which run up and down hill and across one another at surprising angles. I have said that there is nothing swift in Europe, but I take this back, for if they are still alive a hackman and a horse in Naples are "ver' queeck." Out of a dozen vociferous hackmen who were besieging the hotel at which we stayed, and the landlord of which I thought held our distinguished custom in too light esteem, one had apparently selected us as his particular property. He had a gray horse, and for photographic and ordinary purposes the most villainous face that was ever put on a man who did not make murder his regular business. He was as picturesque a ruffian as one could imagine, but his gray horse was little larger than a big dog, and his little cab had springs which were evidently made of old tramway rails, and we personally did the springing every time he struck a particularly uneven piece of street. Furthermore, he insisted on selecting our route and going not where we wanted to go, but where he was inclined to chuck us. Any remonstrance on our part only switched him around on his high seat and turned on us a torrent of bad Bowery and macaroni English which, mixed with his breath, made us rather uneasy. He cracked his whip with extraordinary loudness and repeated the operation, and yelled at his horse with more energy than a Mexican mulero with balky mules and an overloaded wagon on an uphill trail. Having been asked to drive us to San Martin, which was afar and up the hill, he took us to the National Museum, in an altogether different direction, but downhill. A New Yorker who was with Rheu and myself ventured to mention that we had expected to go up the hill, but the driver only roared hilariously, cracked his whip like a machine gun, yelled at his plug, and, turning to us, intimated that he knew his business and understood English "ver' well." He told us, with his white teeth flashing and his eyes ablaze, "I spik Youstase (United States) ver' good," and intimated that we were very fortunate in having stumbled upon a hackman who had "spen' won year in Stase" and could show us the town without any effort on our part. With his whip this graduate of New York and Naples slums pointed out the various public buildings in sight from the road down which we were going at break-neck speed, cracked his whip, roared with merriment, and yelled till even the meek milk goats which are driven from door to door stood still and turned about to see if the uproar was likely to contain anything for them to eat. The little gray horse shivered for fear that the next report might precede a blow, while we held on to the back and wondered which of us would be the first to lose an eye as the whip-cracker buzzed past.

"You see dees hors', eh? He ver' fev. Don't you teank he ver' queeck? By gah! No fell' ev' ride my hack not teank dat hors' ver' sweet; queeck. Looksee heem. Wen I snep my wheep he ver' queeck; eh? I call heem ver' good name. He name McKeenly. He queikeren ver' of dem. Look heem wen I sou'n my wheep. Dat oudder hors' go dere; hees name Bryan. He slowenel. He look fev, he not go, he not queeck lak my hors'. My hors' McKeenly. He mooh more fest dan dam. He won de race. Zees is de Nash Muse. I wit for you."

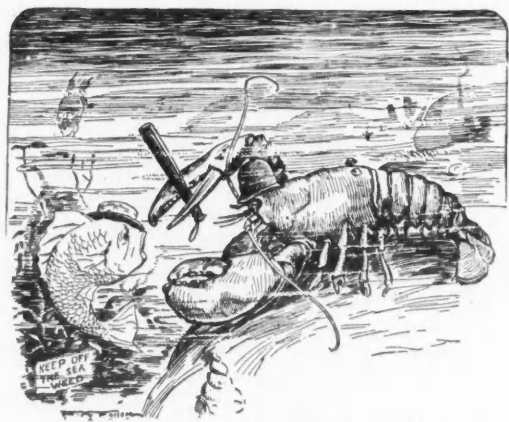
We humbly begged to remind him that we had asked to go to San Martin, and after paying him two prices begged him to leave us to our woe.

"My hors' ver' queeck. He come here like a 'ell, eh? He go back jes de same. You Stase man like go like 'ell, eh? He name McKeenly. I wit for you."

We waited for us and there when we came out, tired and feeling too strange in the place to resist him, so to our discredit we again let him push us into his confounded little dray. His whip-cracking was as loud as ever, but I had decided that, being lame, the loss of an eye would not disfigure me much, and his laugh was so loud, contagious and threatening that it made one feel that it might be as well to be finished by this assassin as any other.

(To be continued.)

The Lobster.



The cup—Now, doncher gimme any yer back talk er yer get pinched. See f— Judge.

Only One of His Kind.

A Commercial Traveller's Yarn.

IN the provinces, the other day, writes a commercial traveller in an English weekly, I found a living curiosity. He was a man of about medium height, perhaps forty-five years of age, of a quiet disposition, and not noticeable or peculiar in his general manner. He runs a railway eating-house just outside Dinglebury Junction, and the one odd characteristic which he has makes him well known through three or four counties. I could not illustrate his eccentricity any better than by relating a circumstance that occurred to me at the Junction last week. I had just eaten breakfast there and paid for it. I stepped up to the cigar-case and asked this man if he had "a rattling good cigar."

Without knowing it, I had struck the very point upon which this man seems to be a crank, if you will allow me that expression, though it doesn't fit very well in this place. He looked at me in a sad and subdued manner, and said, "No, sir, I haven't a rattling good cigar in the house. I have some cigars there that I bought for Havana fillers, but they are mostly filled with pieces of Colorado Maduro leather. There's a box over yonder that I bought for good, straight, sixpenny cigars, but they are only a chaos of hay and Flora, Fino and Damfino, all soaked into a Henry Clay wrapper. Over in the far end of the case is a brand of cigars that were to knock the tar out of all other kinds of weeds, according to the urbane rustler who sold them to me. Well, instead of being a fine Colorado Claro, with a high-priced wrapper, they are common Mexicano stink-aros in a Mother Hubbard wrapper. If you will notice, you will see that each cigar has a spinal column to it, and this outer debris is wrapped around it. One man bought a cigar out of that box last week. I told him, though, just as I am telling you, that they were no good, and if he bought one he would regret it. But he took one and went out on the verandah to smoke it. Then he stepped on a melon rind and fell with great force on his side. When we picked him up he gasped once or twice, and expired. We opened his vest hurriedly and found that, in falling, this bouquet de Gluefactoro cigar, with the spinal column, had been driven through his breastbone and had penetrated

his heart. The wrapper of the cigar never so much as cracked."

"But doesn't it impair your trade to run on in this wild, reckless way about your cigars?"

"It may at first, but not after a while. I always tell people what my cigars are made of, and then they can't blame me; so by-and-by they get to believe what I say about them. I often wonder that no cigar man ever tried this way before. I do just the same way about my lunch counter. If a man steps up and wants a fresh ham sandwich I give it to him if I've got it, and if I haven't, I tell him so. If you turn my sandwiches over, you will find the date of its publication on every one. If they are not fresh, and I have no fresh ones, I tell the customer that they are not so blamed fresh as the young man with the gauze moustache, but that I can remember very well when they were fresh, and if his artificial teeth fit him pretty well he can try one."

"It's just the same with boiled eggs. I have a rubber dating stamp, and as soon as the eggs are turned over to me by the hen for inspection, I date them. Then they are boiled and another date in red is stamped on them. If one of my clerks should date an egg ahead, I would sack him quick."

"On this account, people who know me will slip a meal at the next junction, in order to come here and eat things that are not clouded with mystery. I do not keep any poor stuff when I can help it, but if I do, I don't conceal the horrible fact."

"Of course, a new cook will sometimes smuggle a late date on to a mediaeval egg and sell it, but he has to change his name and flee."

"I suppose that if every eating-house were to date everything, and be square with the public, it would be an old story, and wouldn't pay; but as it is, with no one trying to compete with me, I do well out of it, and people come here out of curiosity a good deal."

"The reason I try to do right and win the public esteem is that the general public never did me any harm, and the majority of people who travel are a kind that I may meet in a future state. I should hate to have a thousand travelling men holding nuggets of rancid ham sandwiches under my nose through all eternity, and know that I had lied about it. It's an honest fact, if I knew I'd got to stand up and apologize for my hand-made, all-round seamless pies and quarantine cigars. Heaven would be no object."

The Eiderduck.

The Eiderduck dwells in the Northman's land,
Where the gray waves wash the frozen strand.

She plucks the tender down from her breast,
To make a lining warm for her nest.

The fisher recks naught of her loving care,
He climbs to the nest and plucks it bare.

But what though the fisher her store hath ta'en,
She strips her bosom yet once again.

Once more he robs her, and yet once more
She lines her nest from her bounteous store.

The third time, the last time her nest is laid bare,
Then she spreads her wings to the warm, Spring air.

With bleeding bosom she cleaves the night,
To the south, to the south, to the land of light!

—Henrik Ibsen.

Nixon Waterman's Proverbs.

It makes people more likable to like them.

Success is a part of, not a reward for, industry.

A rose before life's flame has slipped away.

Beats bushes of them on one's funeral day.

What you would do with a million dollars may be guessed by a study of what you do with one.

If the world looks dark it may be for the reason that your own lamp needs trimming.—From "Good Cheer."

Mr. Dooley on Opportunity.

No wan ought to be poor in this land iv opporchnity. As th' pote says, Opporchnity knocks at ivry man's dure dawnst. On some men's dures it hammers till it breaks down th' dure, an' thin it goes in an' wakes him up if he's asleep, an' iver afterward it wurruks fr him as a night watchman. On other men's dures it knocks and runs away; an' on th' dures iv some men it knocks, an' whin they come out it hits them over th' head with an axe. But ivrywan has an opporchnity. Th' poor ar-re people that've been out at wurruk whin opporchnity knocked.

Needed—The Spank Cure.

San Francisco "Town Talk."

It would be a wise plan for readers of sentimental novels, when they find their tears falling for the woes of their favorite heroines, who have endless hours of idleness to spend in contemplating their forlorn condition, to change the case a little, and imagine the lovely Lady Angelina to be Mrs. Jones of the next block, left to find bread and butter for half a dozen hungry little mouths, and when the charming youth is placed on the rack by his fickle fair one, it might answer to think of some unfortunate craftsman unable to secure work by which to support those dependent on him. Morbid and neurotic women revel in agonies of woe which are kept up by the ill-judged sympathy expended on them, and children are started on the same downward track by having their whims humored instead of being treated to doses of the old-fashioned spank cure.

A Thrilling Moment.

Our readers will doubtless remember the adventure described last week in the daily papers concerning the killing of four rattlesnakes in the Niagara canyon. To allay any suspicions as to the probability of this story, we reproduce a photograph of a similar incident, taken in the same



wild locality, the primeval wilderness of Foster's Flats. People may see snakes where there are none, as is well known. People may distort the truth at times with regard to snakes, and especially rattlesnakes. But not so the camera. As everybody knows, the camera cannot lie.

HOW THE TRINITY MADE GOOD. By LANCE.

Chapter V.—Fishing on Dry Land.

SCARCELY was the first wing fluttering in the shadowy maples, or the initial chirp proclaiming the approach of dawn. The world lay strangely still and ghostly gray. Vapors blue and curdy, that drifted above the just setting moon, were gently sped by the lightest of airs out of the darker west, and, above, the starry glory was subdued in thin veils of cloud, presaging a day in a hundred for the tempting of fisherman's luck.

Fisherman's luck, for better or for worse, it was indeed to be, with the youthful proprietors of the — (Ont.) "Chronicle," and as Cosgrave and Tupling prodded their fiery livery-stable steed through the still-sleeping streets of the town, and onward into the zone of hard cider and salt pork, they experienced some thrills of that suppressed ecstasy and ill-defined anticipation that seize every true disciple of Ike Walton on approaching the haunts of his yet-to-be-ensnared victims.

Spinning along the main gravel road some four or five miles from town, they encountered an acquaintance of the medical profession returning on his wheel to town after some lone night vigil with a rural patient.

"Hello, boys!" shouted the doctor as he flew by. "Whither away so early?"

"Going fishing," answered Cosgrave.

"Why, there's no trout stream this direction," hallooed the rapidly retreating voice of the bicyclist. "You've taken the wrong direction."

"Thanks," yelled Cosgrave, "we're after suckers, not trout." And he gave the spirited livery nag an extra prod with the butt end of the whip.

Bright and early, the twain drew up at the shabby, ill-painted tavern of a cross-roads village, nestling amid well-tilled farms on a broad slope of rolling and well-watered country. This was the village of Peter's Falls, famous throughout the county for its annual "world's fair"—among all the township shows "in them parts" the most extensive and awe-inspiring, a veritable carnival of yearling heifers and home-made pies, an unrestrained spree of pumpkins and log-cabin quilts.

Even at the early hour of Cosgrave and Tupling's arrival, the village was astir with unsuppressed excitement. Unusual sights and sounds were everywhere presented. Rumbling wagons and rickety top-buggies pulled by lumbering Percherons, shaggy-legged Clydesdales, or trim drivers with a strain of Hackney in their veins, stirred the dust along the converging thoroughfares and poured variegated cargoes of exhibits, human and otherwise, into the already congested village. A babel of tongues discussed crops, the weather, babies, and kindred topics here, there and everywhere. Jake's pink and blue necktie and Hannah Jane's green frock with magenta flounces added an almost Oriental touch of color to the scene. The blare of bulls and the crowing of cocks was only drowned when the village band emerged from the school-house, and, deploying into firing line, charged majestically down the classic avenue upon the tavern, to the tune of "Pull for the Shore."

Cosgrave and Tupling were not long commencing their nefarious operations. A long verandah and balcony extended round three sides of the tavern. Twenty-five cents judiciously expended in the bar fixed old Tommy Green, the publican, and with his consent a flaming streamer of white factory cotton, with red and yellow letters each a foot long, was securely fastened to the supports of the balcony, adding not a little to existing excitement as well as giving to the Victoria House a decidedly holiday aspect. The streamer bore the legend: "The Chronicle. Best Paper in 'Steen Counties. To anyone from now till end of year for to cents."



OLD TOMMY GREEN.

That was how "the trinity" proposed to get back at the Grits and Tories who had turned down the "Chronicle." It was their business throughout the day by personal solicitation, by jollying and cajolery, by importunity and all the dodges known to the hustling circulation pusher, to back up the message emblazoned on that streamer, and incidentally to gather in the dimes of the farmers.

Ten cents is a shameful cut-throat price to pay for over three months' subscription to a well-printed and carefully edited semi-weekly newspaper. But circulation is the very breath in the nostrils of the press, whether urban or rural, and "the trinity's" position was such that they must either be enterprising or be done. The great thing, they argued, was to get the intelligent masses to sample the goods they, the trinity, stood ready to purvey. They had enough faith in their publication to believe that few who took it and read it for three months would thereafter wish to be without it. To this end they were almost prepared to give away the "Chronicle" for a trial trip in order that its merits might become known. Then let the stupid, prejudiced people who were offended at the "Chronicle's" political change of heart, erase their names from its subscription list, and good riddance! The stale fish should be counterbalanced, and more than counterbalanced, by fresh ones, caught with the ten-cent bait and landed with a strong, reliable line of excellence.

The scheme worked to perfection, not only at Peter's Falls, where over one hundred were brought into the fold, but at every other fair for fifteen miles round about the "Chronicle's" place of publication. In addition, "the trinity" made hosts of new friends and had some outings whose exquisite fun they will never forget. Two of them always went out on these trips, the third staying behind to hold down the office—also the ten-horse-power boiler. The boys entered with whole-souled zest into the spirit of the thing. They became experts in the delicate art of formulating compliments as to babies, pigs, crewl-work, mangold-wurzels, home-made bread, yearling rams, and hundreds of other things they knew really nothing about. They bought soft drinks and bar-room cigars for the old 'uns, made themselves hale fellows with "the boys," and even went so far as to "jolly" the matrons and dispense sighs and sugared words amongst the agricultural maidens. There was not an awful lot of cash in the enterprise, yet they never failed to at least pay expenses, and when the end of the fair season came round, the "Chronicle's" mailing sheets showed a good four hundred new names, many of whom proved to be no mere "suckers," but had dollars as well as dimes for a paper that appealed to their tastes and intelligence.

(To be continued.)

New Recipe for Soup.

A pathetic request by a young matron for a recipe for an inexpensive soup has been referred to me, says the editor of the "Wasp."

"Dear George does so love soup; he eats a gallon or more at a meal if he can get it, and I want so much to please him."

You will find, says the editor, that a very economical soup can be made by scraping a carrot into a saucpan of water, adding a pinch of salt for flavor, and, if very pale, a little coloring matter. If the weather is cold, pepper well.

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., June 25, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., July 9, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., July 30, 10 a.m.
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., Aug. 13, 10 a.m.
 Lahm., Tues., Aug. 20, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., Aug. 27, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN

Hohenzollern, Sat., June 22, 11 a.m.
 Werra, Sat., June 23, 3 p.m.
 Aler, Sat., July 6, 11 a.m.
 Hohenzollern, Sat., July 20, 11 a.m.
 Hohenzollern, Sat., Aug. 30, 11 a.m.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

73 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton—London
 Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
 St. Louis, June 26, 10 a.m.
 St. Paul, July 10, 10 a.m.
 St. Louis, July 17, 10 a.m.

RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris
 Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.
 *Vaderland, June 26, 10 a.m.
 Kensington, July 3, 10 a.m.
 *New Twin Star, July 17, 10 a.m.

International Navigation Company

Piers 14 and 15, N.E. Office—73 Broadway.

Barlow Cumberland, 73 Yonge St., Toronto

River & Lake Trips

St. Lawrence River and Gulf
 and all local points.

Barlow Cumberland, 73 Yonge St., Toronto

New York & Cuba Mail S.S. Co.

Nassau, Havana, Mexico and all Central
 American and West India Ports.

E. M. MELVILLE, Com. Pass. Agent, Toronto

Be Sure You Are Right—Then Go Ahead.

Doubtless the above is followed out
 by every one when it is possible, but
 "How are we to know?" Take a tip
 about the line to select when going to
 New York. The New York Central is
 best—take it and you are sure to be
 right. Niagara River Line steamers
 connect at Lewiston. All agents sell
 their tickets.

California and Return.

On July 5 to 12 the Wabash Railroad
 will sell round trip tickets to San
 Francisco, California, at single first-
 class fare, good to return any time up
 to August 31, 1901. Diagram of through
 sleepers now ready. Stop over en route
 west of first Colorado point, free reclin-
 ing chair cars on all trains. Every-
 thing will be first-class and up to date.
 This will be by far the most compre-
 hensive trip ever offered to visit this
 golden land of sunshine and flowers.
 Full particulars at Wabash office,
 northeast corner King and Yonge
 streets, Toronto; J. A. Richardson, dis-
 trict passenger agent.

Anecdotal.

Sir Mountstuart Grant, in one of the
 new volumes of his reminiscences, tells
 a story of Arthur Balfour, when he
 was Chief Secretary for Ireland, ask-
 ing Father Healy, "Is it true I'm so
 much detested as the newspapers will
 have it?" "If the devil himself," said
 Father Healy, "was as much detested
 in Ireland as you are, my occupation
 would be gone."

The virtues of a keen business man
 are often negative rather than posi-
 tive. It is said that a great broker
 once told his son that only two things
 were necessary to make a great finan-
 cier. "And what are those, father?"
 the son asked. "Honesty and sagaci-
 ty." "But what is the mark of hon-
 esty?" "Always to keep your word."
 "And the mark of sagacity?" "Never
 to give your word."

Edward Everett Hale relates how a
 curious error crept into the translation
 of the Lord's Prayer into the Delaware
 Indian tongue. The English transla-
 tion had as an assistant an Indian who
 knew English. "What is 'hallow' in
 Delaware?" asked the translator. The
 Indian thought he said "hallow" and
 gave him the equivalent. Therefore, the
 Delaware version of the Lord's
 Prayer reads to this day: "Our Father,
 Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy
 name!"

Clairborne E. Jackson, the once fa-
 mous governor of Missouri, married
 five sisters in reasonable lapses of con-
 secutiveness. When he asked for the
 hand of the last it is said that the an-
 tiquated father of these girls re-
 sponded slowly: "Well, yes; you can
 have her. You've got 'em all now, my
 lad; but for goodness sake, if anything
 happens to that 'ere poor misguided
 gal, don't come and ask me for the old
 woman!"

The speech in the House of Lords of
 the Bishop of Hereford on the subject
 of gambling recalls a story told of
 Bishop Potter of New York. The Bish-
 op, traveling through Louisiana, ad-
 dressed enquiries to his fellow-passen-
 gers with a view of obtaining informa-
 tion regarding the orchards and fruit
 interests of the State. "Do you raise

pears in Louisiana?" enquired the Bish-
 op. "We do," replied the Louisianian,
 "if we have three or better."

The Rev. Principal Caven of Knox
 College, Toronto, has a vein of quiet
 humor for which he does not always
 get due credit. In addressing a new
 class of divinity students he explained,
 amongst other things, that the Presby-
 terian church, unlike the Methodist
 church, made no hard and fast rule
 against smoking. "I am not going to
 say that you must not smoke in the
 college," said Principal Caven, "but
 any gentleman who feels it to be his
 duty to smoke will please do so in the
 basement."

A mining engineer who has returned
 from Alaska brings, among other in-
 teresting things, evidence that the
 higher the latitude the greater the
 latitude. Watching a poker game, in
 which the stakes were heavy, he saw a
 player give himself four aces from the
 bottom of the pack. Burning with
 indignation at such shameless cheating,
 he turned to a bystander and whis-
 pered, "Did you see that?" "See
 what?" "Why, that fellow dealt him-
 self four aces!" "Well, wasn't it his
 deal?"

At the moment when war was de-
 clared between France and Germany in
 1870 the French were so sanguine of
 success that the Parisian streets
 abounded with such notices as: "Maps
 of Germany sold within for the entry
 into Berlin," and "German-French dic-
 tionaries for the use of the French
 when at Berlin!" But the climax of
 arrogant assumption was reached when
 a Parisian cabman, on driving to the
 railway station a young Prussian offi-
 cer about to rejoin his regiment, pos-
 itively declined to accept his legal fare,
 saying coolly: "No, sir; a man should
 not pay for his own funeral!"

A writer in "Spare Moments" tells
 the following story about one of the
 local railways in Ireland: We were
 bounding along, he said, at the rate of
 about seven miles an hour, and the
 whole train was shaking terribly. I
 expected every moment to see my
 bones protruding through my skin.
 Passengers were rolling from one end
 of the carriage to the other. I held on
 firmly to the arms of the seat. Present-
 ly we settled down a bit quieter—at
 least, I could keep my hat on and my
 teeth didn't chatter. There was a
 quiet-looking man opposite me. I
 looked up with a ghastly smile, wish-
 ing to appear cheerful, and said: "We
 are going a little smoother, I see."
 "Yes," he said; "we're off the line
 now."

Wellington's personal tastes and hab-
 its, like those of most great men, were
 very simple, writes Prof. Goldwin
 Smith in the "Atlantic Monthly." He
 cared not for show or pomp of any
 kind. Instead of building a counter-
 part to Balmorhea, for which money had
 been voted, he bought and improved
 Strathfieldsaye, a common country
 gentleman's house. In his diet he was
 very abstemious, even to the injury, it
 appears, of his health. He, of course,
 kept a first-rate French cook for his
 guests. The cook, it was said, one day
 suddenly resigned. The Duke, in as-
 tonishment, asked the reason. "Was
 his salary insufficient?" "No, my sal-
 ary is very handsome. But I am not
 appreciated. I cook your dinner my-
 self, a dinner fit for a king. You say
 nothing. I go out and leave the under-
 cook to cook your dinner. He gives
 you a dinner fit for a pig. You say
 nothing. I am not appreciated. I must
 go."

When the Rev. Dr. S. Reese Murray
 was doing pastoral work in Montgom-
 ery, Alaska, he was called on to marry
 a couple at the home of the leading
 merchant in the city, who lived in great
 magnificence. The wedding guests
 were lavishly entertained. The supper
 was remarkable for all sorts of deli-
 cious things to eat and drink, and for
 the handsome display of silver and
 glass. In the early part of the meal a
 waiter approached Dr. Murray, who is
 a total abstainer, and was about to fill
 his glass. "Not any for me," said Dr.
 Murray, quietly. "It's champagne, sir,"
 insisted the waiter. "Not any," re-
 peated Dr. Murray. The waiter turned
 away, but came back instantly with
 another bottle. "Have this, sir." It's
 port," "No, I don't care for any,"
 from Dr. Murray. Again the man went
 away, only to return with a third bot-
 tle. This time he smiled confidently.
 As he was about to pour the wine, he
 said: "Claret, sir?" "No," again from
 Dr. Murray. A fourth wine was
 brought and declined. Then the waiter
 came up close to Dr. Murray, leaned
 over his shoulder, and whispered softly
 in his ear: "Doctor, we have whiskey
 and brandy in the cellar; which can I
 get for you, sir?"

Prevention of Disease.

Keep the Stomach Right

It is surprising what a safeguard a
 healthy stomach is against disease.
 And again it is not so surprising when
 it is remembered that the only way we
 get pure blood, strong nerves, and firm
 flesh is from wholesome food, well di-
 gested. It is the half-digested food
 that causes the mischief. When the
 stomach is weak, slow, inactive, the
 food lies in the stomach for hours, fer-
 menting, forming gases which poison
 the blood and the whole system, caus-
 ing headache, pains in the back, shoul-
 der-blades and chest, loss of appetite,
 palpitation, biliousness.

The safest cure for indigestion is
 Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, composed
 of vegetable essences, fruit salts, pure
 pepsin and Golden Seal. Dissolve one
 or two of these tablets in the mouth
 after each meal. They are pleasant
 tasting and mingling with the food so
 assist the weak stomach that the food
 is perfectly digested before it has time
 to ferment.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets cure indi-
 gestion and increase flesh because they
 digest flesh forming foods like meat,
 eggs, etc.

Sold by druggists at 50 cents per
 package. Absolutely safe and harmless.

It is such a big world that nobody
 ought to be unhappy in any part of it.
 Things are actually what they seem
 about one time in a hundred.

The Riverside Park manager is ac-

Is a Past Valuable?

A Glorious Possibility. Septic and Believer.

"I'm tired of women with
 pinsts," said a man. "My
 wife came to me from the
 schoolroom, innocent of
 everything we call life."
 Poor, dear man! The in-
 nocent child from the
 schoolroom knew how to run-bills, at
 all events, and keep quiet about them
 until the husband of her innocence was
 forced to quit the town and take her
 and himself and five olive branches
 under eight years old to his "country
 place," a queer old home near a de-
 serted village of a town. I've often
 wondered, but never dared enquire, if
 he missed the "past" of experience,
 comprehension, even plain and rare
 common-sense which her innocence so
 totally lacked. Who would give up
 her "past" and start in with ignorant
 and exacting notions of what the moon
 was made of and what the world owed
 her sweet self? Not I, for one. The
 mistake one has learned by, the trials
 that have bred patience, the disillusion-
 sions that have taught philosophy, the
 bluffs that scare no more, the pre-
 tensions that no longer dare one to un-
 mask them, the little things that one
 used to call snake-bites, the thousand
 and one readjustments for which that
 past is responsible, the times of testing
 oneself and one's friends, when the
 cowardly one sneaked and the loyal
 one stood firm, when one wilted or
 stiffened oneself—all these things are
 in the past, good and bad, the priceless
 gift it gave. The past has but one
 seamy streak for me—the things I did
 not do. There was an unanswered letter,
 that no postman can now make free of
 my regrets; there was a timely word
 and helping hand that were neither
 spoken nor lifted. And yet, they, too,
 are good for something, crying out of
 the past to me, when like obligations
 stand demand action in serving us. "Re-
 member how bitterly you look upon
 that unanswered letter, how frantically
 you have tried to make good that
 other neglect. Do you want any more
 of these?" And the spur goes deep for
 instant action, so that even those bad
 things in the past have their value,
 bitter as they be.

"He's a great leader!" said one,
 waiting the Master on his way, ar-
 dently, impatiently, just consider-
 ing and consideration. Not to you
 and me to emulate such greatness, but
 to be greater. Did you ever put your-
 self upon your mettle to be a great
 follower? Did it ever occur to you
 that there was a noble opportunity to
 develop nobleness in the manner of the
 service you gave to another? We do
 things for others in all sorts of ways—
 grudgingly, indifferently, carelessly,
 hastily, incompletely; just consider
 what you've skimped and overlooked in
 the things you've done for other people,
 if not in the act then in the spirit in
 which you did it, for that's the thing
 which counts to you, you know. Just
 fancy how deliciously bright and bliss-
 ful this world would be if one were
 certain of the earnest interest, good-
 will and delight of all who are doing
 every little thing for us we need. If
 we felt that pleasure in serving us,
 if we knew, also, that our delight
 and satisfaction was perfect in every-
 thing we did for them or for anyone!
 I can fancy I see your smile of delir-
 ium, and yet you could make it so, in
 one solitary instance, if you were good
 for it. I was reminded of this this
 morning, as I am reminded many
 times a week, by the joyous, whole-
 hearted way in which one person does
 me a service. I am not going to tell
 just what it is, but it's a rare treat. It
 may be the sunny nature of the indi-
 vidual, and perhaps that very sunny
 nature has been cultivated by a cheer-
 ful doing the very best work possible
 for his fellows. It is a positive inspira-
 tion to see the little service done,
 cheerfully, blithely, and with the most
 earnest care that it shall be exactly
 right. I have mentally sat at the feet
 of this person and taken a lesson, and
 it has done me much good.

What a lot of septicisms we are grow-
 ing! The very first thought of the ex-
 perience upon hearing a sensational
 story is that it won't "pan out," as re-
 presented. The enthusiast who
 broaches a new scheme knows of the
 Niagara of doubt that will follow the
 out-pout. Everyone knows how much
 he is going to make of it for himself,
 and the beautiful project is battered
 and mired by the unbeliever, the whole
 cataract of distrust and suspicion and
 detraction falls, and the scheme is
 overwhelmed. We don't believe much
 in anyone or anything because of a few
 frauds we have discovered, or think
 we discovered. Sometimes I sigh for
 some irrational impulse to sweep the
 community into something heddlong,
 without leaving time for one thought
 of suspicion to give one a croak of warn-
 ing, because, do you notice, for all the
 croaks, and continually doing deli-
 berately much more silly things with-
 out the fun of being reckless and en-
 thusiastic? Which reminds me of a
 funny extreme case of sudden impulse
 I once came across. A party of club
 men had supped exceedingly well at a
 handsome cafe, the entrance to which
 was up a double flight of stone steps
 over a deep area wall. On emerging,
 one very erratic fellow sat back on the
 coping overlooking the area, and tumb-
 led over, taking a shocking fall. The
 next man leaned over to see where he
 had disappeared and speedily followed
 him, pushed from the rear by the roys-
 tering crowd. With a wild hoot the
 third and all the other men vaulted
 over in a bunch, evidently thinking this
 a brilliant way of reaching the street
 level. Anything more utterly idiotic I
 never expect to see, but the crazy
 crowd jumping over that stone parapet
 into they knew not what or where, and
 yet many a half-dazed onlooker cheered
 and shouted with laughter as the
 waiters and policemen hauled up the
 rich men's sons who had piled them-
 selves up in a stone area under the
 sudden impulse which makes no halts
 to ask questions, and the papers para-
 graphed the affair, not stating, how-
 ever, what was the subsequent plight
 of the first man, which plight, I be-
 lieve, is now being lived out in a "mal-
 son de sante," not far from the big
 city of the stone area and the fashion-
 able cafe.

The Riverside Park manager is ac-

countable for the disappearance of
 half a dozen fresh eggs, which the
 three-year-old owner of a toy woolly
 black bear had had for some weary
 days tucked under said woolly Bruin
 to hatch out little bears for his lord-
 ship's playthings. "That's the way of
 it!" said the baby. "We got our little
 chickens just that way. Put the eggs
 under the hen, but then we didn't want
 bears that time." No one has the cour-
 age to dissent!

LADY GAY.

A Cold Deal.



First Fly—What makes you so hoarse
 this morning?
 Second Fly—That ignorant cock shub
 me up in the refrigerator all night.

Doctors Baffled

By the Case of Mrs. Harrison of Or-
 angeville.

She Was Completely Run Down—Backed
 With Pains in the Back, Head and
 Limbs—Again Rejoicing in Good Health.

From the "Sun," Orangeville, Ont.

Many cases are constantly being
 brought to light of persons being cured
 by that wonderful remedy—Dr. Williams'
 Pink Pills—after doctors have
 failed to be of benefit. Among them
 may be noted the case of Mrs. Benja-
 min Harrison, a well-known lady who
 resides in the near vicinity of Orange-
 ville, Ont. A reporter of the "Sun,"
 hearing of Mrs. Harrison's wonderful
 cure, called at her home enquire in-
 to the facts of the case. Mrs. Harrison
 said she was pleased to be able to
 testify to the great curative powers of
 these pills. She said: "For some years
 I have been a constant sufferer. Just
 what to call my disease I do not know;
 even the doctors were unable to diag-
 nose it. I was completely run down, I
 had racking pains in my head, back
 and limbs. I was unable to secure
 sound sleep, and on arising in the
 morning would feel as tired as before
 going to bed. My stomach was in a
 bad condition, and the least movement
 caused my heart to palpitate violently.
 Doctors' treatment failed to be of ben-
 efit to me, and I was in a very dis-
 couraged state when a friend advised
 me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.
 Thinking that they might relieve me,
 I procured a supply and began
 taking them according to directions.
 From the first I could see that they
 were helping me, and by the time I
 had taken half a dozen boxes I was
 free from the ailments that had made
 my life miserable. It is now several
 years since I took the pills, and not
 the least sign of my old trouble has
 since shown itself. I would strongly
 urge the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
 for any person who has a weak or run-
 down system, and I am sure they will
 not fail to be beneficial."

To those who are weak, easily tired,
 nervous, or whose blood is out of con-
 dition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as
 a blessing, curing when all other medi-
 cines fail and restoring those who give
 them a fair trial to a full measure of
 health and strength. Sold by all dealers
 in medicine or sent by mail, post-
 paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for
 \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams'
 Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
 graphological study sent in. The Editor
 requests correspondents to observe the following
 Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist
 of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
 ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
 answered in their order, unless under unusual
 circumstances. Correspondents need not take
 up their own and the Editor's time by writing
 reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
 tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
 4. Please address Correspondence Column.
 Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
 are not studied.

Aristocrat—It certainly is worth try-
 ing for, if you don't object to going in
 that way. It wouldn't appeal to me,
 nor, I should judge, to anyone whose
 breeding justified your nom de plume.
 However, "chacun a son gout," my
 dear girl. If you go, you'll see a good
 thing. I can assure you. Did you want
 a delineation? You don't say so, but
 in case you did I must ask you to tarry
 awhile until your writing matures.

Aljuela—Your delightful Costa Rican
 letter was a real treat. I was immensely
 interested and burned with a desire to
 get me hence and see the land of roses
 and orchids. I wonder if you will get
 this in time to wish you a happy birth-
 day on July 1st. I am afraid not, for
 I don't think I can reach away off there.
 However, long may you enjoy life and
 progress, and writing those charming
 letters to me. As to your writing, it
 shows sensitiveness and refinement, some
 concentration, much artistic taste, facility
 of expression, tact and sympathy. It
 is a very attractive and graceful, and
 you are an idealist and impressionist, and
 slightly susceptible. I don't think you
 are ever mistrustful of your fellow-men;
 there isn't very marked buoyancy or
 hope shown, a slight pessimism, and a
 tendency to self-absorption, if such a
 term is comprehensible. I mean that
 your personal thoughts and feelings and
 interests take up much of your time.
 As you suggest ill-health as your ex-
 perience, it may be set down to that.
 I think you are innately mistrustful of
 your own power. Brace up! You might
 be anything with that writing. Just
 that one word—brace—will do it. I will
 hazard a guess. You are a soldier, and
 not a very old one.

Woolzie—Silly girl. I cannot "give
 you tips about fellows." Why should
 I unload such a vulgar and ill-trained
 female sprout upon any worthy man?
 Your writing is better than your
 thoughts. Some day you'll be ashamed
 of many things you do now. It shows
 tenacity, keen perception, great force,
 ability and courage. Besides this, a
 decided leaning to the soft side of life,
 luxury, love of admiration and a little
 tendency to untruth. Please take

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and purpose. I think you'd perhaps be
 a "quitter" under long stress, although
 for short trial you'd be most forceful.
 You should be rather speculative and
 very optimistic, a promoter rather than
 a year in year out steady drudge. There
 is plenty of good in your lines, clever-
 ness, courtesy, and fine ability, a little
 over-fondness for show and a tendency
 to discount merit which doesn't make
 any assertion. There is an attractive
 turn to your lines. You may easily be
 popular and well-esteemed if at times
 a bit cranky.

Max Edel—I could not tell you where
 to look for pupils at this time of year,
 when most of the students are either
 wrestling with exams, or being them
 away on vacations. If you wrote to the
 new hotel in Muskoka, or to its prom-
 oter, rather, you might be able to form
 a summer class up there for July and
 August. Your musings would be also an
 advantage. Let me know anything fur-
 ther I can do for you, beside the small
 favor I was glad to accomplish. Photo
 was returned as requested to your Buf-
 falo address; copy of the letter of intro-
 duction also, which is valuable in To-
 ronto, and you must present it the mo-
 ment you arrive here, for the gentleman
 is leaving Canada on a holiday next
 month.

Quex—Glad I liked you, and you like
 me. Well, don't take any risks, my
 lord. It's not always the rule that those
 you admire are attracted by you. How-
 ever, you seem like a good specimen.
 Certainly, Quex was an idiot to marry
 such a girl, but not to marry anyone.
 There comes an empty hour in every
 life alone—the fuller it has been, the
 worse the void, and a man is lucky if
 he finds a true, sweet woman willing to
 take his empty hour and fill it with her
 own presence. I should think he'd
 feel an adoring gratitude to her that
 would be much less exacting than call-
 ing her a "quitter." Your writing is simply awful-
 full of furious prejudice, impulse and
 conceit, and yet so strong and purposeful
 and gentlemanly a hand. If I knew you,
 I'd wonder whether you were not, you
 know! when you wrote it. You have
 some talent, which looks like architec-
 ture, and you are frank, thoroughly
 truthful, fond of good living, rather
 good-natured, very optimistic—those
 upshots are not inspired by green
 label. Bye-bye, Quex. I think I could
 understand you.

Adna H.—You can certainly go quite
 easily from St. Catharines to Buffalo by
 trolley. I did forget to mention it,
 though I made enquiry. No, I don't
 know any young men who are not
 stop at the Y.W.C.A.—if you are alone?
 No one will bother you if you use or-
 dinary discretion. Don't go gawking
 about by yourself. Keep with some
 party, especially in seeing the Midway.
 You are naive to say "I am a pretty
 girl," but I believe you. Your writing
 is too crude for delineation.

Constance—This is not a marriage bu-
 reau, my good lady, nor can I advise
 you how to secure husbands for your
 three daughters. Certainly coming to
 live in Toronto isn't a sure course to
 success. There is quite a contingent
 here who don't get married, and who
 say there are no eligible men. While
 there are few "catches" for we are not
 a city of golden calves, by any means,
 there is the usual percentage of poor
 young men of decent parts, adverse to
 marrying young women who have only
 a "dollar value" for aspirants. I think
 many of them could be happier if they
 married poor and lived moderately. Per-
 haps your daughters may convert some
 of them. You cannot "entertain" in
 Toronto on your income, but you can
 have some small hospitalities which are
 very desirable, and preferred by the
 more fastidious and refined of our res-
 idents. Come along!

Gliffather—Your writing is immense,
 generous, thoughtful, imaginative and
 original. You have courage, discre-
 tion and great vitality. You are, how-
 ever, impressionable and sure to be inconstant.
 The tendency is to pessimism, and
 I think you are innately mistrustful of
 your own power. Brace up! You might
 be anything with that writing. Just
 that one word—brace—will do it. I will
 hazard a guess. You are a soldier, and
 not a very old one.

Woolzie—Silly girl. I cannot "give
 you tips about fellows." Why should
 I unload such a vulgar and ill-trained
 female sprout upon any worthy man?
 Your writing is better than your
 thoughts. Some day you'll be ashamed
 of many things you do now. It shows
 tenacity, keen perception, great force,
 ability and courage. Besides this, a
 decided leaning to the soft side of life,
 luxury, love of admiration and a little
 tendency to untruth. Please take

St. Catharines
Saline Springs

The College Yell.

THE public is patient and long suffering towards the faults and follies of youth, and the tendency of the age is towards the prolongation of that irresponsible time. The college "boy" is regarded as a child years after he has reached his legal majority and is permitted to cast his vote, and his lawless actions are applauded as long as they stop short of deliberate and wilful murder. The tax-payer, who willy-nilly must contribute to the support of institutions of higher learning, must not make complaint if they appear to be in reality institutions of higher hoodlumism, and the common herd who are earning, not learning, must expect no such consideration from the eye or hand of the law as is accorded to these more favored sons of fortune. It is one of the inalienable rights of the college student to make a disturbance whenever he is so minded, and one of his favorite means to this end is a "yell."

It was bad enough, says an exchange, when this was confined to the students of the universities proper, and when they were content with making as much noise as the strength of their lungs permitted, and when their yell was only unmeaning gibberish. But now the very kindergartens must have a rallying cry, and one of the high school commencements in the Middle Western States opened the programme of exercises by a united yell which was repeated and prolonged for five minutes. And from this has been evolved another fiendish yell which has become a taunt to some rival institution or a challenge to the public. The medical students of Syracuse, N.Y., have gone as near to the edge as can be conceived of in their effort to outdo all others, and the result is a piece of cold-blooded indecency which should be regarded as an evidence of their unfitness to pursue the study of medicine. It is not apt to inspire one with confidence in the mental and moral qualifications of a class of men, all of whom must have reached the years when one should expect some indication of humanity and discretion, to find them amusing themselves with this choice concoction of doggerel:

Well man, sick man, dead man, stiff!
Dig 'em up, cut 'em up, what's the diff?
Humorous, tumorous, blood and gore,
Syracuse medicos, 1904.

The Bishop and the Honorary Degree.

A PROPOS of the attempted fuss over the Harvard honorary degree for President McKinley, a writer in the June number of the "Bookman" tells the following story:

"President McKinley's own feeling about the awarding of this degree must be very much like that of a certain very eminent bishop of whom we heard not long ago. A prominent university had invited this distinguished ecclesiastic to be present at its commencement exercises, and to deliver an address. After he had signified his acceptance of the invitation, the university authorities thought that it would be a very graceful act on their part to show their appreciation of his presence by conferring upon him an honorary degree; and so, in order to arrange the matter in proper form, they delegated one of their number to visit the bishop and notify him of their intentions. The person selected for this mission was a callow young professor who had not long occupied his chair, and who still regarded the university as representing pretty nearly all the world that counts, and a portion of the rest of the universe besides. He was immensely impressed with the importance of his mission and with the general tremendousness of the honor which he was going to announce. Reaching the city where the bishop lived, he went to the episcopal residence and, after sending in his card, was ushered into the bishop's study. With bated breath and many circumlocutions, lest the bishop should be too much overcome if the news were sprung upon him without a certain amount of preparation, he delivered the message with which he had been charged.

"I have also to inform you," he added, "that the university will consult your preference in the matter of the degree and will confer upon you the one that you would most desire to have."

"Oh!" said the bishop. "Let me see. What particular degree did they have in mind?"

"Of course, the very highest—one which belongs to the doctorate: LL.D., D.D., S.T.D., or D.C.L."

"Well," said the bishop, looking out of the window and then at his watch, "suppose you make it a D.C.L. I think

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I have fewer of those than of the other kinds."

"It took the callow young professor a long while to recover from the shock; but when he came to think it over, it probably taught him something that he had never known before."

A Commercial Traveler's Story.

Interview with Mr. J. H. Ireland, one of the Old Time Knights of the Grip.

His Flight on a Recent Occasion in the Maritime Provinces—How Dodd's Kidney Pills Came to His Help—High Words of Praise for that Remedy.

Toronto, June 17.—(Special).—Mr. J. H. Ireland, the well-known traveler for hats and caps, left for the Maritime Provinces one day last week. Handily packed in Mr. Ireland's private grip was a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, the medicine famous throughout Canada as a specific for all troubles of the kidneys. When asked about his experience with this remedy Mr. Ireland grew quite enthusiastic.

"I never go out on a trip of any length without a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills," he asserted.

"Are you afflicted with Kidney Trouble a great deal, then?" Mr. Ireland was asked.

"Not a great deal now, no," replied Mr. Ireland, "I take Dodd's Kidney Pills more as a preventive than anything else. But in the winter of nineteen-eight I was, I can tell you, I was down in Nova Scotia when I first used Dodd's Kidney Pills. I don't know whether it was the water down there, the climate, riding so much in the train or what, but certainly my kidneys were on the point of a complete breakdown. Backache! It was one continual misery. It spoiled my business, broke my rest and wore me down until the life was taken right out of me."

"And you used Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

"I used the only remedy I knew of that was a specific for the kidneys," answered Mr. Ireland. "The first dose of Dodd's Kidney Pills seemed to go right to the spot. In a few days I was feeling as well as ever I did in my life. They are a splendid medicine. I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to scores of men on the road like myself, and none of them but have the warmest praise for the medicine being just exactly what we need in our walk of life, a safe reliable strengthening stimulant for the kidneys."

The New Servant.

There are some people who cannot keep a servant for more than a month, and Mrs. Mydlue is one of them. She is in constant communication with the registry office. One morning Mrs. Mydlue found herself without assistance in the house, the new maid not having arrived. She answered a knock at the door and found the butcher's boy, with the meat. Imagine her feelings when the youth gave vent to a prolonged whistle, and ejaculated: "What! Another fresh un! You won't stay long here, I'll bet. She's a rum un, she is."

When She's Away.

When the good wife's away for a visit and stayeth a week or two, Pray tell me, kind people, what is it That maketh the home so blue? There are ghosts from one end to the other.

In parlor and chamber and hall; Oh, tell me why is it, my brother, That gloom overpreadeth it all?

"She's gone!" How the doors loudly squeak it;

"She's gone!" saith the key in the lock;

"She's gone!" all the stairs fairly shriek it;

"She's gone!" sadly ticketh the clock. The plants in the window turn yellow, Their souls seem to sigh through the room.

And home that was sunny and mellow, Becometh a cavern of gloom.

Do you know, I've a notion that heaven Would truly be sorrier hell With never a woman to heaven The place with her magical spell. And I'm sure I'll be awfully dreary Up there in those mansions above Unless they're made gracious and cheery With smiles of the woman I love. —Nixon Waterman.

Doc. Boggs' "Bluff."

"A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing," remarked Grandpa Hornblower, as he stubbed his toe on a copy of Brown's Grammar that some thoughtless schoolboy had left on the steps of the village store. "An' it's a curious thing how folks as has only a little learnin' tries to show it off! I recollect Doc. Boggs was one o' this kind. An' o' ye hearn o' Doc. Boggs?"

Of course we all shook our heads and declared that the euphonic cognomen of Doc. Boggs was singularly unknown to us. We knew, however, that Grandpa Hornblower had a story on tap.

"Wall, Boggs," remarked Grandpa, settling back in his chair—"Boggs, he was one o' them fellers as had some-how get er smatterin' o' medical terms in his conversation, and set hisself up as er genuine M.D. He took positive pleasure in cuttin' up an' patchin' t'gether, an' if th' job wasn't as beautiful as might be, he always blamed the jobber! Th' jobber—Doc. Boggs—was never wrong, Not much! When he treated old man Leggett for rheumatism, when he had er broken arm, he sez Leggett's arm must hev been broken fer years an' th' rheumatism jest brought it inter notice! Then thar was th' case o' Bob Potter. Ye see, Bob was foreman in th' quarry, an' had th' dynamite t' take care of. Wall, when work in th' quarry closed up fer a month one fall, Bob took th' dynamite up home an' buried it back o' th' barn. When th' quarry opened again, Bob went out t' dig up th' dynamite, an' as th' ground was froze hard, he went at it with a pickaxe. His dog, Bowser, set there kinder superintendin' th' job, an' th' rest o' th' populace war 'tendin' t' their own affairs in different parts o' th' village, when suddenly thar war an explosion! Bob Potter had found th' dynamite! It wasn't ten seconds 'fore everybody war makin' tracks fer th' back o' Bob's barn! There, where Bob an' Bowser had been minin' fer

dynamite, war a big hole. Bob an' th' dog war considerable scattered an' strewed round! Wall, we all started in t' collect th' pieces, an' Doc. Boggs he stood there an' sorted 'em out inter two heaps. He'd pick up a fragment an' say, 'This here's a piece o' Bob!' and then he'd squint at 'nother bit an' say, 'This here's a chunk o' Bowser!' while we all stood 'round an' watched him, thinkin' how fine it must be fer er man t' hev so much learnin' that he could tell man from dog under such conditions. Jest as he laid down the last piece an' sez, 'This here's a piece o' dog!' that darn mutt, Bowser, come runnin' 'round th' corner o' th' barn! He jest remarks, 'I wonder what dog Bob had with him?' "So much fer a little bit o' knowledge an' an almighty heap o' cheek!" —Metropolitan Magazine.



A Stage Whisper.

Sweeping Changes at Court.

ONLY now are people at Windsor and the royal retainers beginning to realize what the death of Queen Victoria meant to them. Sweeping changes have been inaugurated in the royal establishments. Frazer, the late Queen's police superintendent, almost as familiar a figure as the Queen herself on public occasions, goes into retirement, and head-keepers and gardeners disappear into the obscurity of the pension list. The ladies of the late Queen Victoria's court, after anxious waiting, have learned that they are to receive pensions, although small ones. Many of these former members of the royal household, though of high lineage, have meagre fortunes, and the maids of honor, etc., found their posts richer in honor than in profit. The excuse for the meagreness of the pensions is the inadequacy of the provision for the royal expenses. During the last few years Queen Victoria was unable to make the civil list meet the official expenditure, and was obliged to draw on her private fortune. King Edward now has to keep up Balmoral Castle and

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Osborne House, costing one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars annually, though he is said to dislike both places. The King is putting Windsor into order with a vengeance. The Prince Consort's rooms, which had been closed for many years by Queen Victoria's order, and which were kept as they were at the time of his death, have been opened and refurbished in modern style, and the state apartments have been transformed into rooms where the members of the royal family can live in comfort. The jubilee presents and many favorite pictures of Queen Victoria have been sent to London, and the Queen's personal belongings have been distributed among the members of her family. Even her dogs have not escaped the new order. The smooth-coated collies, which were her especial favorites, have been distributed among the people of Windsor, and the other collies, Dachshunds and Pomeranians, about seventy in all, have been claimed by various princesses, for King Edward and Queen Alexandra care little for anything but terriers and pugs. Next month five thousand dozens of costly wine from the late Queen's cellars will be sold at public auction in London. Each bottle will have the royal label on it. Various reasons are given for this almost unprecedented action. The most probable consists in the fact that royal hospitality is now generally confined to whisky and soda and champagne, and to the lapse of the practice by which court functionaries formerly received daily a bottle of Madeira or port as part of their salaries. All these things come as a shock to the people, who had almost grown to believe that Queen Victoria would live forever.

Just His Luck.

Jack—"I'll tell you what's the matter, George. You don't praise your wife enough. Even if things don't go right, there's no use growling. Praise her efforts to please, whether they are successful or not. Women like praise, and lots of it."

George—"All right, I'll remember it. George (at dinner, same day)—My dear, this pie is just lovely! It's delicious. Ever so much better than those my mother used to make. She couldn't equal this pie if she tried a month."

George's Wife—"Huh! You've made fun of every pie I ever made, and now—"

George—"But this is lovely. George's Wife—"That came from the confectioner's."

How Living Languages Become Dead Ones.

Professor Blackie used to wax eloquent about the poetic treasures of Gaelic literature, and exhorted the Highlanders in many a perfunctory oration to preserve and extend the use of their mother tongue. But alas! for poetry and romance, there was no word in Gaelic for "express train," or "telegraph," or "machine-reaper," or "ginger-beer," or "drawers," so that when all these modern things, and many more, made their way into the life of the Highlander, his speech became perforce half English, and he found it to his convenience and profit to make it wholly so. He might make love in Gaelic, and surely love never had a sweeter or more varied medium, and prefer it for swearing, for to swear in a strange tongue is the linguist's last accomplishment; but he did his business in English, and early in life was made fit for the world by school instruction in English. So it will be with Erse, so also with Welsh. What preserves these languages longer than they would otherwise have lasted is their wealth of legend and fairy-story, and their beauty of phrase in all that has to do with the imagination and affections.—London "Outlook."

Good Fellowship in War.

Great Britain has been a good deal at war, one way and another, but rank and file on both sides—aye, and great captains, too—have always evinced a rather companionable and chummy spirit towards the country's enemy. In Marlborough's time, down to the Peninsular, and through it, there was a good deal of hob-nobbing between French and English. The "Frogs" would swap brandy with us for "baccy," and so forth. In the Crimea there was less occasion for interchange of compliments; but before peace was declared, or anything like it, two officers of the Cameron Highlanders, out from their brigade on some duty or other, passed a wooden block-house on their rounds, and heard the sounds of revelry proceed therefrom. They peeped in, and behold! the bare room was crammed with Russian officers carousing. To these the situation of the intruders was clear at a glance. One of them advanced—a young fellow—and

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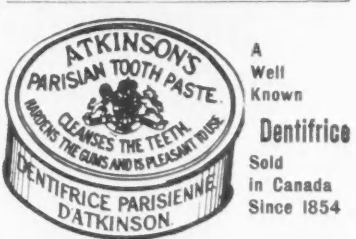
The G.O.M. took it after luncheon and dinner during the last 17 or 18 years of his life. It is well known amongst the friends of Mr. Gladstone that he attributed to the use of this Old Wine his robust health.

He purchased the Commendador from his Wine Merchants in Pall Mall, London, Eng., Messrs. Robertson & Nicholson. Mr. Robertson was Mr. Gladstone's cousin.

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND



Write for pamphlet giving particulars of the best Mineral Water and Baths in Canada.
E. WALDER, Preston, Ont.



in perfect (Edinburgh) English made the Britons welcome. They sat down and had a pleasant hour or so of smoke and song, and, we fear, vodka. Not a word was said save in candid praise of Muscovite or British courage and sportsmanlike ways of fighting. With many cordial handshakings the parties separated. Who—out of a million—was the young officer who came forward and bade the Camerons enter? His English, we have hinted, was of the Princes Street variety. He had had a Scots nurse, he explained, and—more—he was of Scots descent. And his name, a Scottish name Russianized? Why, Skobeleff!—London "Outlook."

Sham Freedom.

"A free government," muses an exchange, "does not insure freedom to the governed. Of what avail are constitutions, habeas-corpus, trial by jury, or any other bulwark of liberty to a small and timorous man in the keeping of a big overbearing wife? Of what avail, also, is the gumption of an intelligent and able workman who finds himself constrained to obey the commands of a committee of labor leaders who may have lost their heads, or may not have been blessed with good sense to start with? The man of sense who is constrained to join a strike which he does not approve is in a very sad and a very common predicament. We all sympathize with him, and no doubt he feels duly sorry for himself."

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MR. GEORGE H. WILSON of Pittsburgh, Pa., spent Sunday last in Toronto, the guest of Mr. A. S. Vogt, Mr. Wilson is at present the manager of the Pittsburgh Orchestra and of the other musical interests which center around the Carnegie Music Hall in Pittsburgh. Some years ago Mr. Wilson became well known in literary and musical circles in Boston as a musical critic of eminent ability and as compiler of the analytical programmes used by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. At that time, also, he published annually the musical year book of the United States and Canada. In 1892 Mr. Wilson was appointed secretary of the Musical Council in connection with the great World's Fair in Chicago, and it was largely due to his good judgment and skill that the musical doings of that memorable summer proved so brilliant and successful, both from an artistic and an educational point of view. Mr. Wilson is most enthusiastic regarding the present very high standard of the Pittsburgh Orchestra. The organization has given concerts during the past season in New York, Boston, Cleveland, Baltimore, Buffalo and other American cities, besides a regular series of twenty-two concerts in Pittsburgh. The guarantors outside of Mr. Carnegie, who takes a keen personal interest in the organization, made up of seventy wealthy residents of Pittsburgh, representing \$300,000,000 in wealth. Under such favorable conditions the orchestra has developed to such an extent that it is now classed with the best of the world. Mr. Wilson states that the concert receipts for the orchestra during the past season aggregated \$100,000, and the deficit, which the guarantors cheerfully made up, amounted to \$27,000. It is more than probable that this splendid body of musicians will be heard in Toronto during the coming season.

Dr. Villiers Stanford's new opera, *Much Ado About Nothing*, recently produced at Covent Garden, London, seems to have won a mixed success. According to London "Truth," the last act is deadly dull. The critic, however, proceeds to say: "The first two acts, which charmed everybody, were in the true spirit of Shakespearean comedy. In this portion of the opera, at any rate, Dr. Stanford reveals in melody. He seems exactly to have caught the buoyant spirit of Ben Jonson, the 'bribe' of her duets with Benedick forms an admirable contrast to the more serious and impassioned love-making of Claudio and Hero. Moreover, in these acts the librettist has given the composer some excellent opportunities. The scene of the masked ball in Leonato's house especially enables him to display a side of his talent not hitherto remarkable—at least in his Covent Garden operas. There is a dainty melodiousness about the air sung by Hero as Queen of the Summer, a stateliness in the saraband, and a gaiety and brightness in the morris dance and in the music of Benedick and Beatrice which delighted everybody in the house. Dr. Stanford has, it is true, rather unnecessarily hampered himself by leading motifs, or more properly speaking, recurrent themes; but as he employs them so skillfully and more particularly as nobody takes the slightest notice of them, they did not particularly signify. Both composer and librettist, however, sadly needed a Benedick with a lighter touch. Mr. Bismpham seems to have modeled his bachelors here upon Sir Henry Truitt in his most sardonic mood. The second act is beyond question the gem of the work. In some quarters there seems a tendency to accuse Dr. Stanford of a lack of originality. The suggestion is absurd, for a truly original genius would court the treatment so long meted out to Richard Wagner. Indeed, there is not a composer, living or dead, who has not owed much of his art to his predecessors. In Dr. Stanford's score there is certainly not the remotest suggestion of plagiarism. To shake one's head, therefore, and talk about Forest Murmurs at the opening of the second act, to whisper Parsifal when the bells they go ringing for Hero in the cathedral, and to smile and suggest Verdi's Falstaff when the young lover Claudio comes to serenade his mistress in a delicious tenor solo, accompanied by mandolins and guitars, is quite beside the mark. Personally, I do not think Dr. Stanford has ever given anything more effective and agreeable than this serenade and the love duet which immediately follows it; unless, indeed, you prefer the sardonic song, 'Wish shall the lady be, rich or she's not for me,' of Benedick, or the exquisitely charming concerted piece in which the confirmed bachelors are fooled by Hero, Claudio and the Prince."

Miss Mabel Munro, the famous interpreter of Scottish song and story, will arrive from Scotland during the first week of September for a tour of the United States and Canada, under the personal direction of Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville, the well-known concert impresario. Miss Munro has met with great success the past season. She is already booked for three recitals in St. John's, N.B., during the week of the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York.

Miss Eugenie Quehen is not only one of the most brilliant of Mr. Vogt's piano pupils, but also one of the most distinguished pianists in the city. It is always a pleasure to hear her play. It was not, therefore, surprising to find a large and critical audience at her recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Wednesday evening of last week. Her progress during the past year especially has evidently been most pronounced, her touch and style having developed to a degree which justifies the expectation that she will attain a very high place as a solo performer. Her programme included the following exacting compositions: Tchaikowski's great concerto in B flat minor, Chopin's

Poisonaise in A flat, op. 53; Sinding's Character Stuecke, op. 32; Chopin's Etude, op. 25, No. 2; Liszt's Canticle d'Amour, Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, No. 2, and Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso. The advance in tone and breadth of style made by Miss Quehen was best emphasized in the Tchaikowski concerto, the Beethoven sonata and the Chopin numbers. In the artistic use of the pedal the talented young performer has also reached a high degree of proficiency. Miss Quehen was frequently recalled, and the recital as a whole was a fitting close to the admirable series of similar successes under Mr. Vogt's auspices during the past season. The orchestral part of the concert was played by Mr. Douglas H. Bertram. Vocal numbers were contributed by Miss Evelyn Graham, pupil of Mrs. Reburn; Mr. D. Millard Cannon, pupil of Mr. Tandy; and Mrs. G. Laidman, pupil of Mrs. Julie Wyman, all of whom sang with good effect.

The closing concert of the Toronto College of Music will be held in Massey Hall on Tuesday evening next. Cards of admission may be had at the College, at Mason and Risch's, King street, and at Whaley and Royce's, Yonge street.

The musical critic of the New York "Evening Post" is extremely enthusiastic about Mr. Edward MacDowell's latest pianoforte sonata. He writes: "It may safely be pronounced the last great composition of the nineteenth century, for it was written last summer in a New Hampshire log cabin. It is as far removed from modern drawing-room music or the music that is made in contrapuntal conservatories as such a cabin in the woods is from a Fifth Avenue parlor. The spirit of wild forest life is in it. 'Keltic' is the name the composer has given it, and the music tells stories of Druids, and heroes and beautiful women. The clue to its poetic contents is furnished in four lines prefixed to the sonata:

Who minds now Keltic tales of yore,
Dark Druid rhymes that thrall,
Deirdre's song and wizard lore,
Of great Cuchullin's fall.

Enough to stimulate the imagination, even if one does not happen to know of Deirdre's beauty, or the exploits of the heroic Cuchullin. The interpreter of programme music will naturally find the portrait of Deirdre in the second part of the sonata, marked with 'naïve tenderness,' while the final movement, 'very swift and fierce,' will suggest to him the Gaelic Siegfried. MacDowell's music, like all pianoforte pieces, gains by such poetic associations, though it needs them not, for it has abundant strength and beauty of its own. Music cannot be described; it must be heard; and the sooner amateurs and professionals hear the Keltic sonata the sooner they may feel that they are up to date. It is to be feared, however, judging from the treatment of great music in the past, that this sonata will be left for ten or twenty years to amateurs. After that the professionals will discover it and play it. But no matter, such music has keeping qualities. What one admires in it above all things is the healthy virility of its rhythms, the ever-presence of a taking melody, and an abundance of rich harmonies that are modern to the finger tips. One of the most poetic touches is in the slow movement—a few bars marked as heard from afar; and it is remarkable how such words assist in indicating the proper expression. The last two pages of the sonata, marked 'very broad,' with tragic pathos, and depicting no doubt the fall of Cuchullin, are as superb a climax as can be found outside the scores of Wagner's operas."

Mr. W. Y. Archibald sails for London (Eng.) on the 22nd inst., to take a special course of studies in voice culture under Prof. A. A. North. Mr. Archibald has just completed the most successful season he has ever had, having been compelled, owing to a lack of time, to refuse a number of pupils who were desirous of studying with him. He will resume his teaching on October 1st. Those desirous of taking lessons are asked to notify Mr. Archibald as early as possible, as his time is being rapidly filled up next season. Inquiries in the meantime should be addressed to Mr. David Ross, with whom Mr. Archibald has been studying.

A large audience attended the first vocal recital given by Edouard Barton and some of his pupils at the College of Music, on Thursday evening, the 6th inst. Mr. Barton contributed several choice numbers, and made a most favorable impression. Although laboring with a severe cold, his voice was, as usual, very attractive. The ease with which he interprets his numbers shows that he well understands voice production. The pupils who appeared were the Misses Lyla Middleton, Coral Abbey, Maud Landy, Nora Fisher, Pearl Davis, Mabel Thompson, Mrs. W. A. Skeans (Woodbridge), and Messrs. Digby Harty and Morrison, all of whom sang with good tone and enunciation and gave evidence of careful instruction. Miss Locke, pupil of Mr. Torrington, contributed two piano solos with much ability, and Miss Mabel Tait accompanied with taste and judgment.

The Ontario Institution for the Blind, at Brantford, though not frequently heard of in the list of schools for musical training, is unobtrusively doing a work which deserves greater attention and encouragement from the provincial public. The closing concert of the institution took place on Friday evening, the 7th inst., and a fine programme was carried out most creditably. Some of the numbers were: Piano, Reinhold, Impromptu in C sharp minor; On Song's Bright Pinions, Mendelssohn; Liszt: Rustle of Spring, Sinding; La Filleuse, Raff; and Valse de Concert, Wieniawski. A concerted number for two pianos, eight hands, and organ, Meyerbeer's Schiller March, was very

especially admired, and the choral class added bright numbers, among these being Randegger's anthem, Praise the Lord. Two young ladies who recently passed the first and second year examinations at the Toronto College of Music, and one who has completed the first year—all with first-class honors—were presented with certificates by Mr. T. H. Preston, M.P.P., who spoke of the splendid work being done by the school. The Music Hall was filled to overflowing with an enthusiastic audience, hundreds being turned away, and both the Principal, Mr. A. H. Dymond, and the music director, Mr. Ernest A. Humphries, were very warmly complimented on the fine concert and the apparently great success of their efforts.

The Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California, is shortly to have an unusually fine pipe organ. It has been set up in the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, and will be used for the first time at the forthcoming Epworth League Convention. The organ has 2,905 pipes, 46 stops, 61 registers and 76 movements. It really includes a great organ, a swell organ, a choir and pedal organ. It is said to be one of the most complete instruments of the kind ever made. After use by the C. E. Convention it will be installed in Stanford Chapel, with space for a choir of 150 voices.

A recital will be given by vocal pupils of Mrs. A. B. Jury and elocution pupils of Miss Belle Noonan on Monday evening, June 24, 1901, in the theater of the Normal School.

Miss Ida Cairns, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Cairns of Cornwall, has been appointed organist of the Methodist Church at Newburgh, Ont. Miss Cairns was a clever pupil of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, where she gained the gold medal for organ playing. Miss Cairns has been a successful teacher in Cornwall for some time past, and will doubtless be equally so in her new position.

A Useful Book.

The Canadian Year Book for 1901 (Toronto: Alfred A. Hewitt, publisher) has made its appearance—this being the fourth volume of the work—and is, as usual, replete with useful information. The book is well printed and lavishly illustrated with cuts of prominent Canadians. It will be found useful on any office table.

Some Instances of Bashfulness.

ERNEST BLUM, in his Journal of a Vaudeville Actor, according to the "Staats-Zeitung," gives the following amusing instances of excessive bashfulness in actors and others:

Father Viennet would blush at the sight of a young woman until he was eighty years old. A subordinate actor was always terrified by the sight of a large audience, and lived in constant fear of the day when he should be called upon to take an important part. The dreaded day came at last. All went well at rehearsal, but at the performance the actor's knees trembled and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. In a dialogue he whispered his replies into the ear of his colleague, who was forced to repeat them aloud. The audience thought this was all in the play and very funny.

In Brebant's restaurant there was a waiter who flushed or turned pale whenever a patron addressed him. When he had to wait on ladies he was in an agony of embarrassment. It was impossible for a woman to get any information or any desired dish from him. He stammered, confused soups with entrees, and brought spinach instead of oysters. He refused positively to serve in the "cabinets particuliers;" he dared not open the door of one of them. By way of breaking him in, his employer made him serve a married couple who were dining in a private room. He was so excited that he poured a quantity of soup upon the lady, and happening to come in at the moment when the pair were exchanging a legitimate kiss, he anointed the gentleman's head with gravy. Blum adds that he was very bashful himself at one time. He met and danced with a young lady several times, fell in love with her and determined to ask her to marry him. The next time they met he told her that he had something very important to say to her, led her to a secluded corner, blushed, stammered and finally said: "I only wished to ask if you think it will rain to-morrow." He returned to the attack on several other occasions, but never got further than the weather. The lady did not know his secret until some fifty years later when she was a white-haired grandmother. "It was just as well that you did not say it," she told him, "for I should have refused you. You danced the polka so horribly!"

Over the Precipice.

The perils of mountaineering are well set forth by Miss Isabel Savory in "A Sportsman in India." She says of the entrance to Kashmir: "Many of the paths were barely three feet wide in places, with a cliff above on one side and a precipice below on the other. They were the roughest tracks, and one came to vast rocks and had to follow a sort of staircase up them." Miss Savory relates a personal experience on one of these dangerous paths: "Slowly Sphal (my horse) clambered up the path until we were nearly at the top. The last little bit was much steeper. On the left a wall of rock rose perpendicularly above our heads; on the right the narrow path broke off into a sheer precipice down to the gorge far below. Making an effort up the last steep bit, Sphal dug his willing toes into the rock and broke into a jog. His hind foot loosened a rock, and his foot went over with it. Instantly—there was no time to think—I felt both his hind legs go over. At the selfsame moment I threw myself off the saddle to the path. I do not know—I never shall know—how I did it. I kept hold of the reins, and for a second, kneeling on the path, clung to them, Sphal's head on a level with me, his two poor forelegs clattering hopelessly on the path, while with his strong hind quarters he fought for a

minute of life, trying to dig his toes into some crevice in the precipice. It was only for a second. I was powerless to hold him up. Right over backward he slowly went, with a long heave. I saw the expression in his poor, imploring eyes. A hideously long silence—and then two sickening crashes, and he hit rock after rock. A pause, and a long, resounding roar from the rocks at the bottom of the gorge. Sphal lay, literally smashed to pieces, down below. The whole awful scene has been a nightmare many a time since. But for the man's saddle, which allowed me to slip off, the rocky gorge would have held us both.

She Scared Him Off.

In an article discussing "the Ideal Husband" of the past, present and future, by Susan B. Anthony, this paragraph occurs:

"He is not like his ancestors, who placed their honor in the sacred keeping of the wife, but were very careful that she did not get a chance at the pocket-book. Her request that a portion of the family income be set apart for her sole use and that she be not asked to give an account of the same, does not seem unreasonable to him. I remember distinctly, however, a case that came under my observation many years ago. A man of large means was very desirous of marrying a school teacher. He paid the most assiduous court; he used every possible argument; and finally one day, when he had melted into tears and declared that his life would be ruined without her, she told him frankly that she did not like to give up her financial independence for the dependent condition of all her married friends, but if he would secure to her the same income which she was now receiving she would marry him. He dried his tears, asked a few days to think it over, went away and never came back! Such an idea was too preposterous to be entertained by men of past generations."

Two Views.

Different sermons may be preached from the same text, and there may be more or less of truth in each of them, remarks the "Youth's Companion." "Here is an account," said Mr. Morse, pointing to a paragraph in the evening paper, "of the way in which a boy was saved from drowning by a mastiff which belonged to his cousin. The boy ventured too near the edge of a treacherous bank, lost his footing and fell into the lake. The dog dashed in after him, and succeeded in pulling him out." "There," said Mrs. Morse, turning an accusing glance upon her ten-year-old son, "that shows how dangerous it is for a boy to go too near the water!" "Why, mother," said the boy, in sorrowful astonishment, "I thought father read it because it showed how perfectly safe I'd be wherever I went, if you'd only let him buy me a big dog!"

Mr. Morse coughed, and became discreetly absorbed in the quotations of mining stocks.

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Social and Personal.

That very good little chamber music orchestra which was organized by Mrs. Harley Roberts last season, and which has given so much pleasure to itself and its musical friends, played at Dundas one evening lately with great success. Miss Mockridge, pianist, Miss Taylor, Miss Gordon, Miss Evans, Mrs. Delamere and Miss Hayes, violinists, and Mrs. Harley Roberts, cellist, are the ladies of this orchestra.

The marriage of Mr. F. C. Heathcote, of St. Clements, and Miss E. Smith is fixed for July 13th.

The annual ball at Kingston Military College took place last evening. General and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly and many prominent guests were expected.

The closing service of the thirty-fourth year of the Bishop Strachan School will be held in the School Chapel on Sunday, the 23rd inst., at 4.15 p.m., when an address will be given by Rev. Canon Welch. Friends of the school are invited.

Mrs. S. R. Fraser (nee Waltham), will hold her post-nuptial reception at 155 Harrison street on Wednesday, June 26th.

P. P. C. cards from Mrs. Peters and Miss Peters have given friends notice of their leaving Toronto, an event much regretted.

In the art gallery at the Pan-American I hear the room reserved to Canadian art is filled with good pictures only. One of the larger portraits exhibited is that of Mrs. J. K. Kerr, a well-known hostess of Toronto.

For some weeks Miss Queenie Ferguson, of Eastlawn, has been an invalid, and at times her illness was of a serious nature. I hope to record soon that she is convalescing.

Mr. Somerville, of Athlery, is sufficiently restored to go away from town to a health resort, where it is hoped he will be speedily and entirely cured.

Thanks to kind and liberal friends, the lady managers of the Home for Incurable Children have been able to put up the desired verandahs and other summer improvements. There is still a debt for these of less than a hundred dollars, for which generous friends are asked to give as they can and receive the assurance that their gifts are helping an exceedingly useful charity.

Mrs. N. A. Mann, wife of Major Mann, of the Seventeenth United States Infantry, who has been with her husband in the Philippines for the past two years, is at present the guest of her brother-in-law, Mr. G. Tower Ferguson, 70 Madison place, accompanied by her niece, Miss Troxel, of Chicago.

The McMurrich party, of Toronto, are at Bobcaygeon. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel May and Mr. May, Jr., are spending a vacation, and Dr. Chas. H. Riggs' party are enjoying their twentieth annual outing, at Bobcaygeon, the center of the Kawartha Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Evans, of Vancouver, B.C., who are spending their honeymoon in Ontario, are this week the guests of Mr. George Heintzman, at the "Beeches," Toronto Junction.

Miss Loftus, of Bonny Castle, has returned after a pleasant visit in New York.

An event of interest for next week is the closing concert of the Toronto College of Music, which is to be given in Massey Hall on Tuesday evening, June 25th.

Mr. Percival Ridout of Rosedale House sails to-day for England. Mr. Bernard Sloane and his bride arrived in town at the beginning of the week, and paid a visit to the mother of the groom, in Wellesley place. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Sloane invited a few friends for afternoon tea, to meet the newly-wedded pair and join their welcome to the new daughter into a very happy and united family circle.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cawthra are at the Tadenac Club, Georgian Bay, for a short sojourn.

A special car took a party of relatives and friends to Hamilton on Wednesday to attend the marriage of Dr. Charles Colles Hall, second son of Dr. J. B. Hall, and Miss Edith Amy Grant, eldest daughter of Mr. W. J. Grant, C.P.R. Hamilton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. J. James, rector in St. Thomas' Church. Miss Helen Grant attended her sister as bridesmaid, and Miss Naomi Grant as maid of honor. Mr. Will Carter, cousin of the groom, was best man. Mr. Beverley Grant, Mr. Leo Sey and Mr. Donald Bremner of Toronto were the ushers. The bride wore a crepe gown over white silk, the overdress inserted with medallions of lace, and a picture hat of white tulle and taffeta. Miss Grant wore blue mousseline de sole and ecru lace, with hat to correspond, bouquet of bridesmaid roses. Miss Naomi wore a white silk frock, a Napoleon hat, and carried a basket of flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Hall went for a honeymoon, and will reside with the groom's parents at Hahnemann Villa, Jarvis street. Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Hayward of New York, Mrs. Coon, aunt of the groom, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, were some of those who went from Toronto to the marriage.

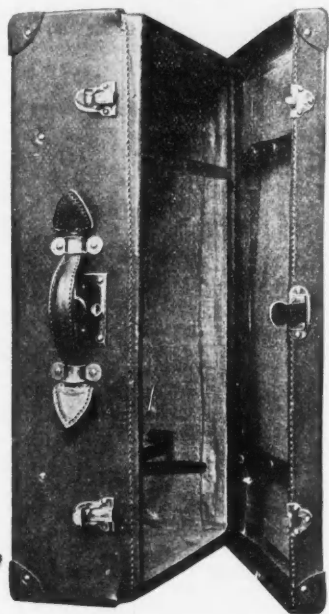
Miss Williams, sister of Mrs. Donald Mann, accompanied Mrs. Nesbitt to Woodstock after her visit to Mrs. Mann was over. Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford have taken rooms at Ward's Hotel for the holiday season. Mr. Justice Moss has taken a house at Center Island, and will spend the summer there. Mrs. S. Squire Sprigge of London (nee Moss) is to be the guest of her parents until the autumn. At Varsity garden party Mrs. Sprigge was an honored guest, and her lovely little brown-eyed son was admired by all. He is indeed a grandchild Justice and Mrs. Moss may well be proud of.



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FOR YOUR HOLIDAY TRIP BE SURE AND GET A

Suit Case

It packs to better advantage, holds more and is easier to carry than any other traveling case.

Just as convenient for a lady as for a man.

Some special values are:

No. 2000—Olive Leather, Linen Lined, Steel Frames, Spring Lock and Catches, 21 inch..... \$5.00
No. 2902—Olive or Russet Leather, Linen Lined, with Shirt Pocket, Steel Frames, Brass Lock and Bolts, 21 inch..... \$7.00
No. 2905—Solid Leather, Olive or Russet, Linen Lined, with Shirt Pocket, Steel Frames, Lock and Bolts, 21 inch..... \$10.00

Other Prices—\$6.00, \$7.50

\$8.50, \$9.00, \$11.00, \$12.00, \$13.00

We mark all cases as desired and send to any point in Ontario charges paid.

Send for our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, No. 7 S, showing our complete stock of Traveling Goods.

The JULIAN SALE
Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 KING ST. WEST

Coke Dandruff Cure
—BY ITS USE TARDY, LIFELESS, LOOSENED HAIR BECOMES BRIGHT, VIGOROUS AND FIRM—

Coke Egg Shampoo
—CLEANSES THE HAIR, MAKING IT SOFT AND GLOSSY—

Queen's Royal Hotel
Niagara-on-the-Lake

The first Saturday night hop of the season will be held this Saturday evening (15th inst.).

McGAW & WINNETT, Proprietors.

Grimsby Park
The Great Canadian Summer Home

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE SEASON COMPLETED
Hotels, Stores, Postoffice, Telegraph, Telephone Office... OPEN

Daily steamer running to and from Toronto, which leaves Yonge Street Wharf daily at 9.30 a.m.; Saturdays at 2 p.m.
Sundays, July 23rd and 30th, at 2.30 p.m., Rev. F. W. Hollinrake, B.A., will preach.
July 1st, Baseball Match and great gathering of Foresters.
Programmes may be had by applying to H. B. ANDREWS, Manager, Grimsby Park.

ASK FOR
Labatt's
(LONDON)

An ale free from the faults of Lager and heavier brands of Ale and having the virtues of a pure beverage.

POLISHED OAK FLOORS

Why Not Have Them? Cost No More Than Carpets.

The ELLIOTT & SON CO., Limited, 79 KING STREET WEST

Madame La Belle's TESTIMONIAL No. 7



Mme. La Belle 15 years ago.

Waukegan, Ont., June 13th, 1901.

DEAR MADAME LA BELLE:—
If you will excuse me I will take the liberty of telling you how much good your Fossell Cream has done for me. I give you my name and address so that you can print this if you like. For 15 years my face was full of pimples, and they got so bad they looked more like abscesses. If you remember I wrote to you in the winter—how good it was of you to answer my letter so quickly—and I tried what you recommended me "Fossell Cream."
Well, I can tell you that my face is perfectly clean now—there is not a pimple on it. Believe me, Madame, I remember you in all my prayers and thank you thousands of times. Being a mother with a family it used to be so hard for me to keep from embarrassing my children, as I felt it was not right for me to kiss them, my face was in such bad condition. I can express my feelings to my dear ones now without fear that I am running any risk of transferring those horrible blotches to them. You can keep this letter of recommendation and show it to anyone you like. If I can do you as much good as you have done me I shall be glad to do it, though I fear I never can.
Yours respectfully,
(Mrs.) W. J. HAYDEN.



Mme. La Belle to-day.

LA BEAUTE! LA BEAUTE! LA BEAUTE!

At last I have got you. After five years' hard work and hard struggle in chemistry I have completed the great discovery of "La Beaute," and am very proud of it. La Beaute is here, and to prove to ladies its power and the necessity for them to use it, I will give away one bottle as a present from 22nd June until 1st August with every purchase and every treatment above \$1.00. This will be given free as a sample and as an advertisement for "La Beaute," to prove its power as the finest remedy for clearing the skin that the world has ever produced. It will absolutely remove freckles; it is a peerless cure for oily skin, will clear a sallow complexion, take away black-heads, liver spots, yellow spots, etc. La Beaute! La Beaute! Write to Madame La Belle for La Beaute.

TO MRS. O'NEIL:—
I cannot sell you or recommend you a Vacuum Cup, as it is dangerous for people who are not thoroughly acquainted with anatomy to use, as you will be liable to stretch the connective tissues and therefore make the external tissues baggy and consequently form wrinkles worse than you ever had before. But through the paper it is too expensive for me to answer, therefore kindly send me your address next time you desire information.

For removing Wrinkles and Lines I have just received the latest invention in machinery from New York. As a great number of people think they cannot afford to come here, I have decided to give everyone another chance with

THE FOLLOWING PRICES FOR THIS MONTH AND JULY ONLY:

10 Face Massage Treatments..... \$5.00
20 Scalp Massage Treatments..... 5.00
Freckle Cure..... 1.00
Spotiline..... .75
A FULL OUTFIT FOR \$5.00 (HAS BEEN \$10.00 HITHERTO)

All other preparations will have lower prices for month of June and July only, to accommodate people who cannot afford higher prices. June and July are the months when everyone should look after their complexion with the proper creams and lotions. Ladies out of the city send to correspond by mail on "How to be Healthy and Beautiful," free of charge. Goods sent Free by Express. Class open for Students Daily—an elegant opportunity for ladies to learn the profession. Manicuring and Chiropody. Telephone—Main 3617.

113 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO



A Lovely Face Is a Gift of Nature.

But a good complexion can only be had by taking a treatment from Madam Lytell, whose reputation for good work is known everywhere. Massaging and removing Superfluous Hair is a specialty, and her work is perfect. Call and make an engagement, either for Massaging, scalp treatment, Manicuring or Chiropody and you will be so pleased you will not go any place else.
The very best pains taken with students who wish to learn the profession. Write for particulars.

MADAM LYTELL
335 JARVIS STREET

OAK HALL—CLOTHIERS



Dressy Blouses for Dressy Boys

We're showing this week a very superior line of Boys' Wash Blouses. Nice goods. Pretty made—out-of-the-ordinary designs.

Fine white Lawn Blouses with embroidered collars and pique cuffs..... 1.75
Boys' white Lawn Blouses with pique collar and cuffs. Nicely trimmed..... 1.50
Special value in white lawn and Percale Blouses..... .75

Specials.

Then we've a couple of special clearing lots in Boys' Blouses in colors.

65 and 75c lines for..... .50c
50-cent lines for..... .35c
Washing Suits for all ages. 4 to 10 years..... 1.45 to 3.50

Oak Hall Clothiers
115 KING EAST—116 YONGE.

Always Delightful

Our ice cream is a good thing for any day, but it's the best thing you can have for a special occasion.

It is rich and wholesome at the same time.

Its goodness is obtained by the combination of pure materials and knowledge of making good cream. A quart or a gallon, as you instruct.

City Dairy Co., Limited
Spadina Crescent.

Phone North—2040.

Richelieu & Ontario
Navigation Co.

TICKET OFFICE, 2 KING ST. EAST

DOMINION DAY

\$2 CHARLOTTE AND RETURN
(Port of Rochester)

Going Saturday 28th by Steamer Toronto, 3.30 p.m., returning not later than July 2nd.

Single Rate to 1,000 Islands, Brockville and Prescott, going Saturday returning July 2nd.

Toronto-Montreal Line

Steamers leave Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 3.30 p.m. this week.

HAMILTON-TORONTO-MONTREAL LINE

Steamers leave 7 p.m. for Bay of Quinte, 1,000 Islands Rapids, St. Lawrence to Montreal and intermediate ports.

Low Rates for Single and Return Tickets

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, Western Passenger Agent.

Niagara River Line

5 Trips Daily (except Sunday.)

Chippewa, Chicora, Corona

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 17, steamers will leave Yonge Street Wharf (ext. side) at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m., for Niagara, Lewiston and Queenston, connecting with New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, Michigan Central Railroad, Niagara Falls Park and River Railroad and Niagara Gorge Railroad.

JOHN FOY, Manager.

Hotel Hanlan
Hanlan's Point, Toronto Island

is now open for the reception of guests.

Georgian Bay's Favorite Summer Hotels

THE BELVIDERE, Parry Sound, Ontario, most beautifully situated hotel in Canada.

THE SANS SOUCI, Moon River P.O., the home of the black bass and maskinonge.

THE PENINSULAR PARK HOTEL, beautifully situated on Lake Simcoe. Tennis, croquet, baseball, golf links.

For particulars apply to JAS. K. PALSY, THE IKOQUOI.

The popular Tourist Hotel, Toronto, Canada.

Stanley House

Stanley House is open to receive guests on 1st of July. All communications attended to by the proprietor. Mails daily during season. Apply—

W. B. MACLEAN, Stanley House, Lake Joseph.

The Elgin House

Situated on a point always ensures the guests of the coolest breezes.

This hotel was built last year, finished in hard wood and lighted by acetylene gas. Baths and sanitary arrangements the best.

Express and postoffices in the building; telephone can be reached in 10 minutes.

Concert hall, etc. fishing, boating, bathing, lawn tennis courts, etc. Apply—

L. LOVE, Elgin House, Lake Joseph.

MILFORD BAY HOUSE, Muskoka Lake, Ont.

Lit with Acetylene Gas. First-Class in all its appointments. Post and telegraph offices on premises.

Fine sandy beach for bathing. Fine spring of pure water, eradicates malaria. Steam yacht in connection with hotel. Good fishing. Furnished cottages to let. Boats and canoes for hire. Lawn tennis, croquet, swings, quoits, etc. Grand piano. Room for 100 guests. \$7.00 to \$8.00 per week. \$1.50 per day.

K. STROUD, Proprietor.



A Musical Center.

Your home becomes a musical center when you have a first quality piano there. The world's greatest artists—and you may take them as your guide—appreciate the superior qualities of the

HEINTZMAN & CO.

PIANO

Its rich tone, abundant volume and easy touch win their highest economies. In the Agraffe Bridge these pianos possess one of several features that are found in no other instrument.

—“Your new scale grand piano, containing Mr. Heintzman's patent Agraffe Bridge, excels any piano I have ever used.”—ALBANY.

A visit to our handsome piano salons is a delight to every music-loving person. Centrally situated:

115-117 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Social and Personal.

Rev. Arthur Baldwin and Professor Cody have sailed for Italy and a holiday in Southern Europe.

The marriage of Miss Harriet B. Mills, M.A., and Mr. Laurence Hermon Tasker, M.A., LL.B., will take place next month in Hamilton. Miss Mills receives for the last time this afternoon at 621 Spadina avenue, when good-byes to Toronto friends will be the rule.

Mrs. Gibbs of Port Arthur, who has been in town for the winter, has returned to her Northern home. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carmichael are at Center Island. Mrs. Harrison of Dovercourt road has been entertaining Mr. George Morton and Miss Morton of Barrie in her charming old home. The Misses Roberts of Maldstone, Kent, are English visitors to Toronto relatives this month. Mr. and Mrs. Gillies of St. George street have returned from Quebec. Miss Adelaide Myles of Queen's Park is the guest of Mrs. W. B. McMurrich in Muskoka. Miss Beatrice Myles is visiting in Hamilton. Colonel and Mrs. Kiltson, who are now of the diplomatic circle in Washington, are to spend the next three months abroad. Sir Edward and Lady Hutton are to be their hosts during their stay in London. Miss Charlotte Jarvis has returned from Montreal. Sheriff and Mrs. Mowat of Government House went last month to their country residence, near Brantford, for the summer. Mrs. and Miss F. Harman are summering in Niagara. Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith spent Sunday at that charming resort.

Mrs. and Miss Brouse and Miss Ethel Matthews went over to Niagara for Sunday, and this week visited the Buffalo Exposition.

Very interesting young visitors in town lately were the children of His Excellency Lord Minto, who came on for the musical exams at the College of Music, at least Lady Ruby and Lady Violet were so occupied during the end of the week. It may interest people to know that, although the young students were a bit nervous about the matter, the very thorough and excellent preparation they had made sent them both through with honors. Lady Ruby also wrote on an extra theory paper, which is more advanced than the usual paper and is voluntary with the students. The little lady from Rideau chose to tackle this more difficult paper also, and was able to get through, being the only student who did more than the compulsory papers. Lady Minto was most pleased at the success of her little daughters, and those who missed Lady Ruby from the pretty group at Upper Canada College on Saturday will know that the earnest student was pegging away at the advanced theory paper in a quiet room at Varsity. I am told that she said she had come to Toronto “to be slaughtered,” which catastrophe was never liable to occur, but the utterance shows that the little lady has no undue opinion of her ability, good and plucky as she has proved herself to be.

St. Hilda's grave and reverend seigniors are giving a garden party this afternoon at the college, which should prove a very great attraction. Miss Bertha Macdougall is the honorary secretary, and many other bright young students are much interested in the success of the function.

The Lambda Sigma Delta held their semi-annual business meeting this day fortnight, and the occasion was very successful.

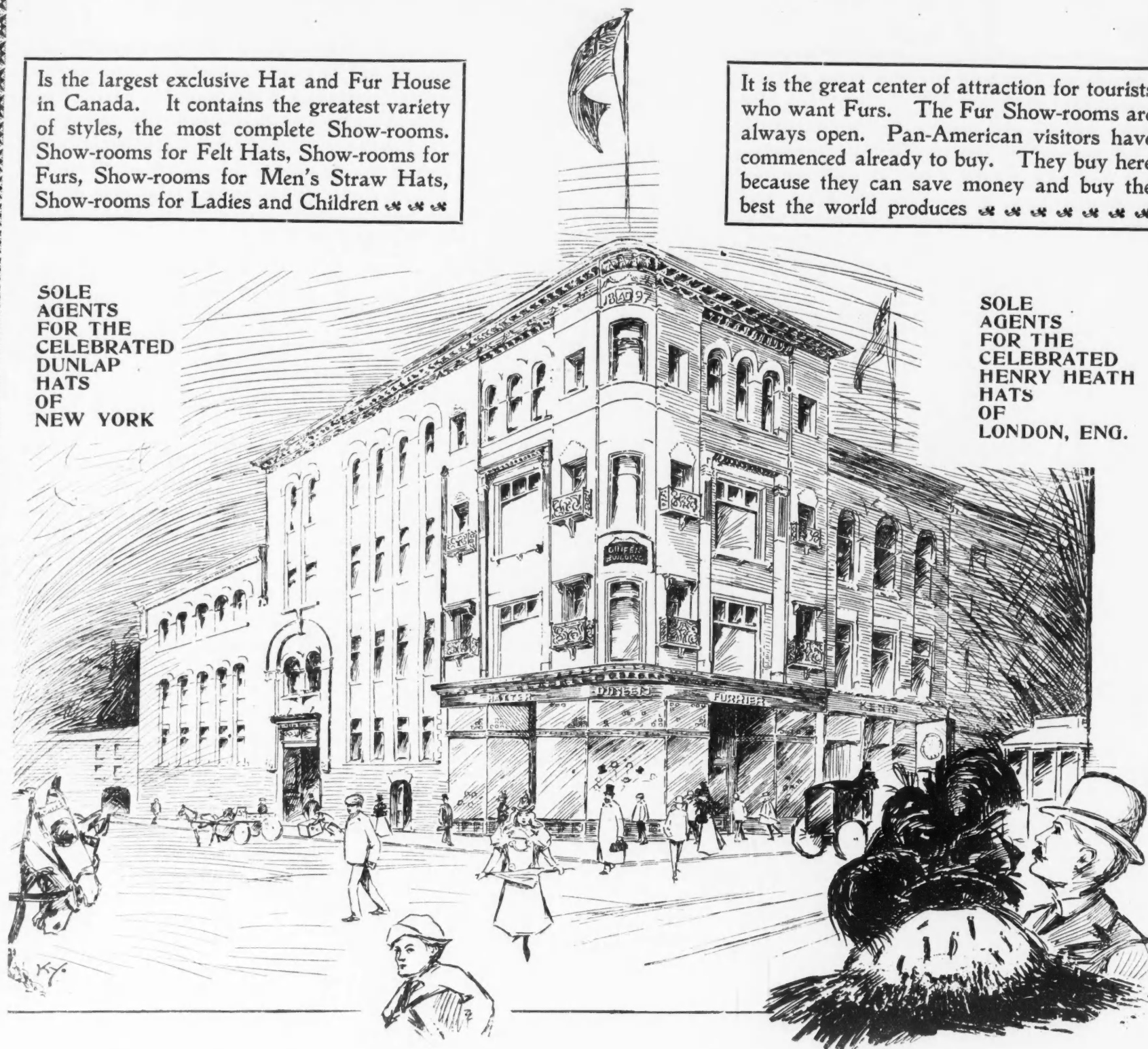
At eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning a pretty wedding took place at St. James' Church, Kingston, when Miss Gertrude Lewis, youngest daughter of Mrs. Lewis, was married to Mr. Francis King. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. K. McMorine.

Is the largest exclusive Hat and Fur House in Canada. It contains the greatest variety of styles, the most complete Show-rooms. Show-rooms for Felt Hats, Show-rooms for Furs, Show-rooms for Men's Straw Hats, Show-rooms for Ladies and Children

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED DUNLAP HATS OF NEW YORK

It is the great center of attraction for tourists who want Furs. The Fur Show-rooms are always open. Pan-American visitors have commenced already to buy. They buy here because they can save money and buy the best the world produces

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED HENRY HEATH HATS OF LONDON, ENG.



Canada's Largest Exclusive Hat and Fur House.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births.
Tyrrell—June 14th, Mrs. E. N. Tyrrell, Toronto, a son.
Wanless—May 31st, Mrs. John Wanless, Jr., Toronto, a son.
Hutchison—June 18th, Mrs. John Hutchison, Toronto, a son.
Patterson—June 15th, Mrs. George E. Patterson, Toronto, a son.
Green—June 15th, Mrs. Harry Green, Toronto, a son.

Marriages.
Flett—Palmer—June 15th, at Toronto, Oliver Flett to Rachel Palmer.
Stagg—Chambers—June 18th, at Toronto, G. Alfred Stagg to Lila Chambers.
Easton—MacLean—June 18th, at Toronto, J. W. Easton to Marjory S. MacLean.
Lydiatt—Martin—June 19th, at Toronto, George Lydiatt to Ethel K. Martin.
Macdonald—Goderham—June 19th, at Toronto, John Gordon Macdonald to Maggie Augusta May Goderham.

Deaths.
Dyke—June 19th, at Toronto, Jennie Ryrie Dyke, in her 52nd year.
Pointer—June 14th, at Hamilton, Susan Hearn Pointer.
Hay—June 18th, at Woodstock, Charles Henry Hay.
Upton—June 18th, at Toronto, Frederick M. Upton, aged 61 years.

The marriage of Miss Florence Read, youngest daughter of Mr. H. Read of Spadina avenue, and Mr. Frederick S. Charles will be solemnized on Thursday morning, June 27, by Rev. Robert J. Moore, in St. Margaret's Church.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Che-wett and Dr. Edward Montgomerie Hooper takes place next Thursday at St. Alban's Cathedral, at three o'clock.

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ICE
GIVES PERFECT SATISFACTION
Because every block is cut from the clear, pure waters of Lake Simcoe, and by a special process prepared for household use. Being entirely free of specks, weeds and snow it lasts longer than ordinary ice and yet costs no more.
We are NOT in the Trade.
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Head Office: 18 Melinda Street
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FLETCHER M'F'G. CO.

Cheaper to Buy Than to do Without.

OXFORD GAS RANGES

Have patented burners which minimize the supply of gas needed to furnish intense heat—that's why they're so popular!

It's not extravagance, but real economy, to buy an Oxford—you actually save money on fuel through the hot season, and have all the extra comfort and convenience thrown in.

Better see them right away—you'll find just what will suit you among the many sizes, styles and prices. Sold by

GURNEY OXFORD STOVE AND FURNACE CO., 231 Yonge St.
OXFORD STOVE STORE, 569 Queen West.

AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

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